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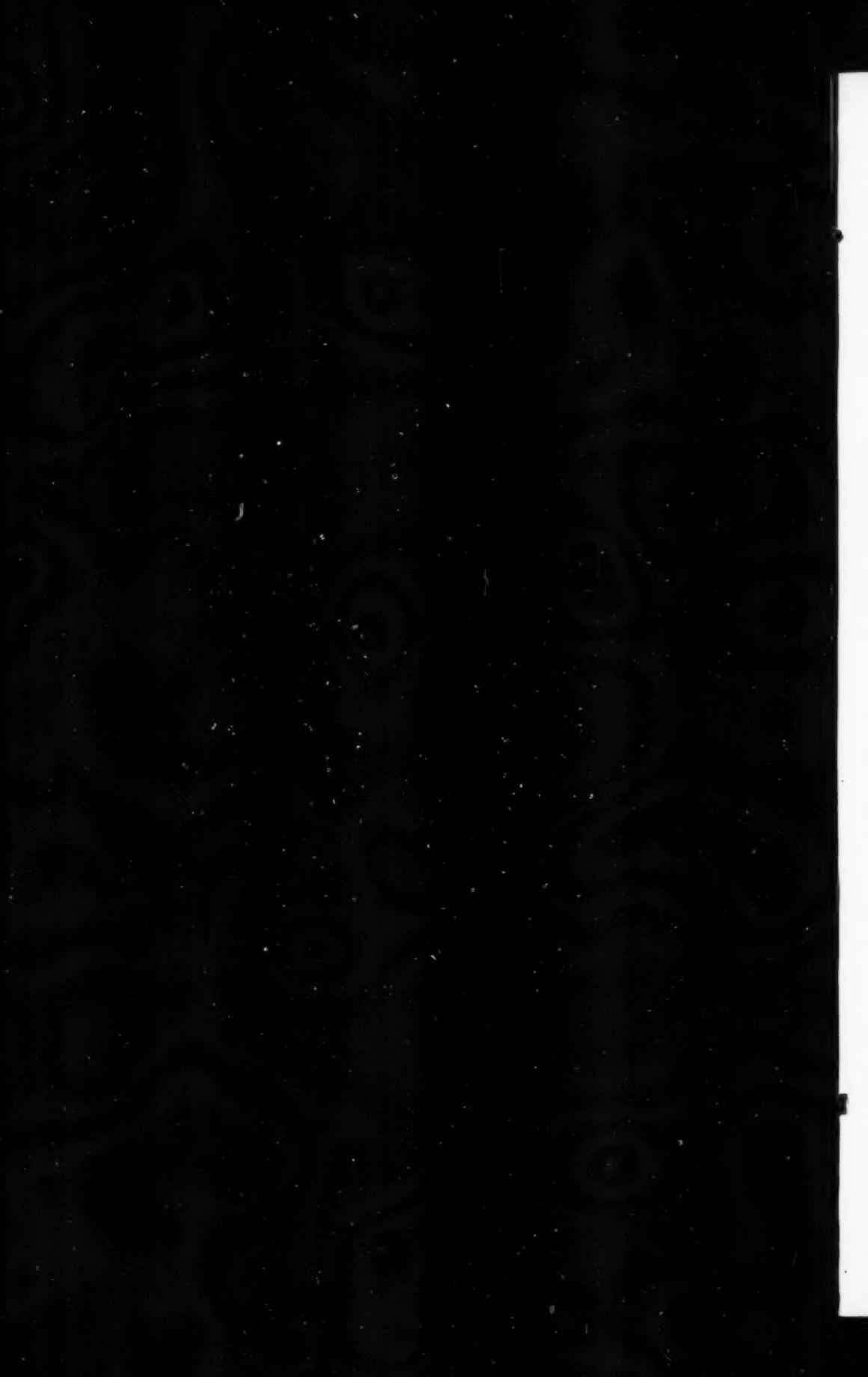
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{ From Beginning
Vol. CCXXXII.

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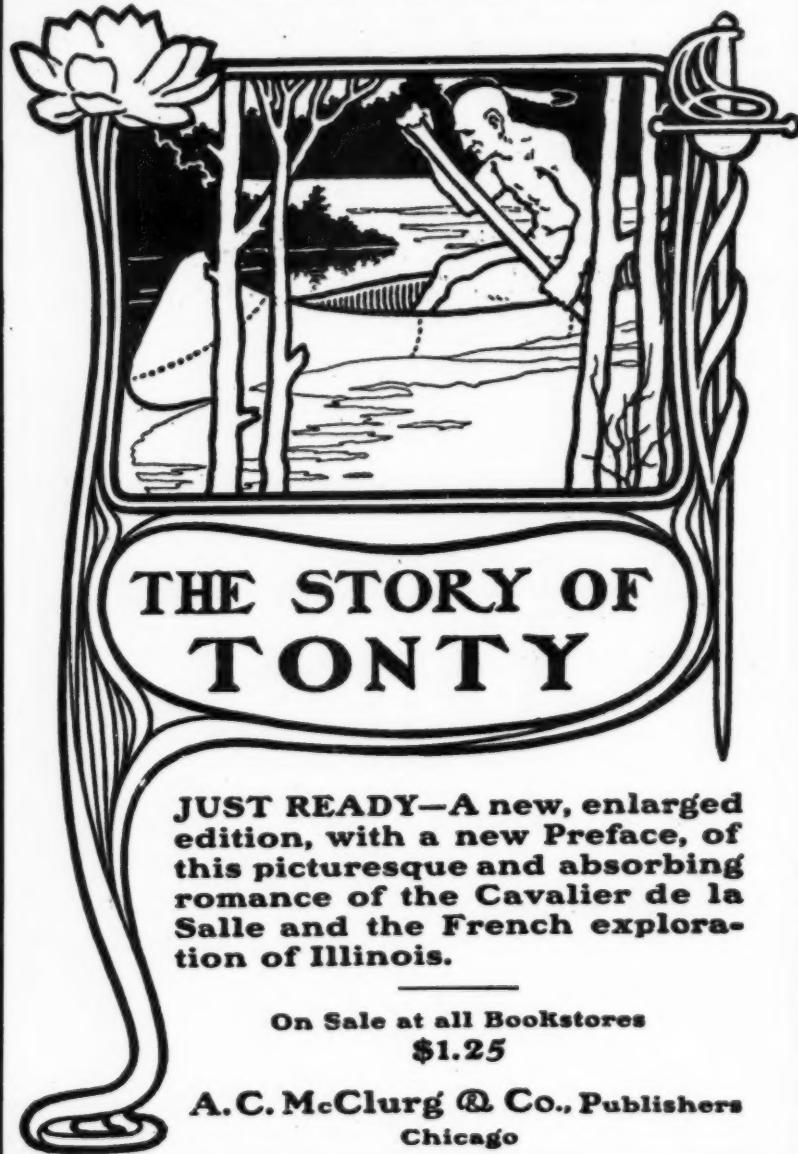
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LORD ROSEBERY AND POLITICAL RECONSTRUCTION.

Lord Rosebery has completed for his part the work which he has pursued on parallel lines with Mr. Chamberlain of destroying every distinction of principle in English political life. Between them they have thrown into the melting-pot the whole metal of all that was definite and different in party convictions. Toryism, as it knew itself before the arch-Radical and detested demagogue of its last days became "the spokesman of our party" upon domestic questions, is as dead as Lord Eldon. For the man who was recognized in these pages exactly three years ago as the "Disraeli of Liberalism,"¹ an appreciation which proves to have touched something in the truth, Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonian spirit in Imperial affairs, foreign relations and Irish policy, are at least equally extinct. In the era of Midlothian "who could have dreamt that times would come like these?" Lord Salisbury has repudiated the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield and accepted the domestic doctrines of Jack Cade. Mr. Chamberlain in his turn has reversed Majuba, and effected the next best thing to Imperial Federation by raising the Colonial Office into one of the three or four greatest departments of the State. Lord Rosebery, in

the climax of this strange series of transformations, has returned to public life to urge a Unionist policy upon the Liberal party with the object of displacing a Unionist Government—as the Colonial Secretary forced Radical measures upon Conservative Ministers in order to prevent a Radical Government.

With the abandonment of "the Irish alliance and its consequences," Liberal Imperialism becomes precisely the same thing in essence as Liberal Unionism. The Imperial and social gospels of Chesterfield and Birmingham are mere variants of one another. When Lord Rosebery speaks he gives finer eloquence and deeper vision to the Colonial Secretary's main principles. When Mr. Chamberlain addresses the nation upon the work of the future he brings the sense of a closer grasp and a more practical energy to the advocacy of the ex-Premier's very ideas. In short, it is clearer since the Chesterfield speech than ever before that the two men with whom the Empire has henceforth to reckon most, agree in everything except in their opinion of each other. Between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain there may be alternation in office, but no antagonism except an unwholesome one of personal prejudices such as the Empire is little

¹ "Fortnightly Review," January, 1898.

in the mood to tolerate. There can be no genuine and patriotic separation between them, no true political Opposition. In the vital characteristics of the statesmanship at which they both aspire they are as much alike as a pair of gloves. The thumbs may be on different sides, but that is all. Both these men desire above all things to renew and perpetuate the greatness of England, to replace once for all the insular by the Imperial conception of the State, and to supplement the new spirit by the definite and powerful organization which alone can give the widest and most splendid ambition ever entertained by any people the slightest chance of permanency in the modern world. But if that is the purpose at which the two protagonists of the political future aim by instinct the methods by which they propose to realize it are identical in principle.

Is the cause of the Empire assured and supreme in all our politics? It was the action of the Colonial Secretary and his friends, in 1886, which made it so. At the parting of the ways they swung the country into the right road when Lord Rosebery and his party took the disastrous path they now abandon. Does the ex-Premier declare that freedom from the "Irish alliance and its consequences" is the indispensable preliminary of any attempt of Liberalism to regain the confidence of the country? It is what the Colonial Secretary has been preaching to his old associates for the half a generation that has elapsed since the great schism upon Home Rule.

Was Lord Rosebery the earliest advocate of drawing the colonies more closely to the Mother Country? Mr. Chamberlain has done the work—he has done more than all the other statesmen of his time to draw the great over-sea States of the Empire as closely to the Mother Country as they ever can be drawn unless by the adoption of

some federal band, and he has a hold upon the confidence of the colonies such as no other man possesses. Where is the personality by whom he would be fully replaced at the Colonial office in any cast of an "alternative Government?" The seer of Chesterfield has moments of second-sight such as come to no other man in public life. That is the suggestive and disturbing gift, invaluable under present circumstances, in which the nation feels that no one approaches him. His prophetic instinct was never more remarkable than in the passage from the speech at Melbourne eighteen years ago, when in disagreement with a contrary opinion endorsed by Mr. John Morley, he declared his belief that "the connection of loyalty between Australia and the Mother Country *would* survive a war." But it is under Mr. Chamberlain's tenure of the Colonial Office and in respect of "Mr. Chamberlain's war," that Lord Rosebery's opinion in 1884 has been vindicated. The ex-Premier justly ridicules the religious devotion of rigid Radicalism to the obsolete. Nothing is truer in his analysis of the condition of his old party than his description of the Opposition Toryism which, in complete unconsciousness of its own character is as deep as that of the Carlton Club. There is a school of the Liberal party including the majority of its members over fifty, who believe that the principles of Liberal consistency were eternally settled—under Mr. Gladstone—and that when consistency was consummated with Home Rule, nothing more could be added or subtracted without profanity. The more obstinate difficulty in the way of the Renaissance of Liberalism is not the "Stop the War" party, but the "Stop the Clock" party. Lord Rosebery, therefore, recommends for the future a more modern and accommodating mind. He is quite right, but Mr. Chamberlain is by far the most stimulating example of

evolution and adaptability upon whose career a progressive Opposition could attempt to shape its plastic future. Upon the Queen's speech in 1893, with all its heroic list of impossible promises—inserted not necessarily for legislation but as a guarantee of good faith, to borrow from the language of other notes to correspondents—Lord Rosebery pours mockery which recalls the very accents of Mr. Chamberlain in denouncing that Queen's Speech at the time.

But it is the same with every other main article of the Chesterfield policy. Lord Rosebery adjures all good men to come over and help him in returning to office, though of course, as every one will agree, not for office. He appeals not to a party but to the nation, which means, if words have meaning, an appeal for a National Party. But that idea, above all, really must be recognized as the Colonial Secretary's own original and undoubtedly invention. It has been his favorite Utopia as unquestionably as Imperial Federation has been the ex-Premier's Utopia. If Lord Rosebery is in favor of a business Cabinet, is not Mr. Chamberlain himself the most complete example of the business man in politics that has yet been seen in the public life of this or perhaps of any other country? Of business-like address, for instance, in Parliament, one of the prime essentials to the modernization of that institution, the Colonial Secretary is much the most perfect model we have ever had. If Lord Rosebery is in favor of efficiency so is Mr. Chamberlain, and with an equal opportunity would assuredly go much the straighter way to work to get it. Lord Rosebery cannot monopolize the gospel of efficiency. It is absolutely the one word in politics that no man can monopolize, nor shall any be found at the ford who will be unable to say "Shibboleth." But neither can the

ex-Premier monopolize any other definite article in his program. If he believes in education, in the housing of the poor, in temperance reform, so does Mr. Chamberlain. He believes in all these things, and he would know how to secure them—could that born Executive Minister have his way with his reluctant and nerveless colleagues and a singularly aimless party and bring his own personal driving power to bear upon the whole machine.

No; the fundamental matter in connection with the Chesterfield speech is that a Liberal Imperialist who repudiates Home Rule becomes a Liberal Unionist, and that the Liberal Unionists, by the very essence of their contention, were only the first Liberal Imperialists. Between Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain there is no longer any substantial difference of convictions or of aims. Neither of them, as has been said, can form a true political Opposition against the other. That Lord Rosebery is the advocate of "efficiency" is the last reason in the world for putting Mr. Chamberlain out of office. That the ex-Premier abandons Home Rule is a much better reason why he himself should be in office upon the Unionist side. What is at least certain is that in all the previous history of English politics statesmen agreeing to the extent to which Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are in agreement, have always worked together. And these are the two statesmen, above all others, who have emulated each other in undermining all the party principles, Radical and Tory alike, which existed before them, and who genuinely believe that a national party is required to execute a national policy and to grapple with the tasks of Empire. If they are, nevertheless, to work against each other and to compete for office upon personal grounds, then we have something which promises us not the highest motives of the

party system, but the least respectable, and not its most efficient, but its most wasteful and demoralizing action. This is a situation which has never existed before in England, and it is from this point of view that Lord Rosebery's position and prospects after the Chesterfield speech must be closely compared with those of the Unionist party.

The most curious and unexpected thing is the doubt which still envelops the intentions of Lord Rosebery himself. Where nothing else was certain in the issue of the crucial ordeal it was assumed that for ill or well it must pluck out the heart of this man's mystery. It has done nothing of the sort. Again we have heard the voice of leadership, if a leader, as Mr. Disraeli wrote, is one who succeeds in saying what everybody feels. And again we are left to wonder whether in this case it is but voice and nothing more. Are these the accents of the distinguished amateur? Is the real promise of managing statesmanship in them? Is there a particle of hard resolution and definite method behind these eloquent generalities which do not make a great executive minister any more necessarily than a lucid exposition of the principles of double entry will make a man a millionaire? We know what the ex-Premier would like to happen. Whether he has made up his mind as to what he, for his part, means to do whatever happens, is precisely what we do not know. In circumstances where the feat seemed impossible he has again baffled our final decision upon him with almost superhuman art, uniting by one and the same performance half the Unionists and half the pro-Boers in his praise. Fascinating and unsatisfying as he was before the Chesterfield meeting, unsatisfying and fascinating he remains. And yet this is in itself an extraordinary achievement. The reappearance upon that strange stage—the railway-

shed in the middle of the snow, with all the world waiting for the ring of the bell, and the rise of the curtain—to speak effectual words to the Opposition without alienating either of its sections, and to attack the Government without breaking the spell he casts over so many of its supporters—this was a situation that no negligible nature could have survived for an hour. Final failure seemed probable, success hopeless. Yet the ex-Premier calculated by instinct exactly the maximum of success that was possible and secured it by employing all that is histrionic in his art with all that is most sincere and impassioned in his convictions. "What I can do to further this policy I will do," were the words which roused the meeting at Chesterfield to a wild ovation. Such words to such an audience ought to have had no meaning but that Lord Rosebery had returned to public life with the purpose of endeavoring to place himself at the head of his party. But they were followed by the characteristic and incorrigible spirit of qualification, and the orator's final warning was that he appealed to no party, but to public opinion. The only way of appealing to public opinion in this country is through some definite party, but whether that is what Lord Rosebery means is what no one knows.

The Chesterfield meeting has done some things that were not expected, but has not done the one thing most expected. Lord Rosebery has neither wholly found himself nor has the country shaken him off. All now depends upon his action in the immediate future. If Lord Rosebery has quitted retirement and is out for action once for all, he will assuredly satisfy the Empire that he is a man for whom it must find a use. If he fails in a determined attempt to make himself master of one party, the nation will demand a great place for him in the

other, with which his principles and temperament are now in almost absolute agreement. But if Lord Rosebery's pledge to "do what he can" proves to mean that he is merely prepared to declaim from time to time by invitation upon the general principles of imperial politics, we shall not now have long to wait for his complete removal from serious consideration. For most men decision upon that matter will be a matter of weeks only. Lord Rosebery has contrived once again to postpone the moment which will either establish or extinguish him. But he has brought it very near.

But upon the assumption that Lord Rosebery means to be heard and to be heard constantly in the accents that speak the inward soul of Sir Edward Grey, let us examine what he has achieved by the Chesterfield speech. Where does it leave him, in the first place, with respect to his party, and in the second with respect to the nation?

The ex-Premier has repudiated Gladstonian Home Rule, the National Liberal Federation, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and the policy of those who demanded either the supersession of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, or the despatch of a Special Commissioner to negotiate a peace over their heads. He agrees that to offer terms would be a fatal sign of weakness. In all these things Lord Rosebery has shown the courage and consistency which have been so often denied him. In all these things he has rendered valuable service in strengthening the immediate position of the Government. In all these things no man could seem to speak more expressly. But the surprising fact is that this process of sponging the whole slate should have been received with such faint and embarrassed protest, even from the portion of the Liberal party which was certain not to like it, and should have

been hailed with all the transports of apparent rapture in quarters of democratic Radicalism which might have been thought equally certain not to like it.

What was astonishing in the Chesterfield speech was not his dismissal of Home Rule, but the way in which he dismissed it. It has been one of the most momentous controversies which ever convulsed political life. It has shattered one party and transformed the other. It has been deeply connected with the development of national consciousness and the Imperial feeling in this country. The Irish members still number eighty-five in the Imperial Parliament, and the House of Commons must shortly engage with them in what ought to be a death-grapple upon the question of a revision of procedure. It has been the fatal influence upon Lord Rosebery's own career, which has ever since been shadowed by the memory of his futile Ministry. Here was a case for a great epilogue to a great argument. Lord Rosebery waved it all away forever in a few syllables of a two-hours' speech. That was strangely below the importance of this farewell, and the solemn levity of such a last word upon the Gladstonian phase of the Irish question, was a psychological revelation upon which no thoughtful man can reflect with easy feelings. But no objection of that kind has been made from any important Radical quarter, and the form of the Chesterfield declaration is so far justified. Some prudent heads, indeed, warn the Liberal party that it may prove impossible to come back to office against the Irish vote, and, although "the Irish alliance and its consequences" are at an end, they would by no means exclude the possibility of a new alliance and a fresh compact. But that contingency is now too remote a speculation to concern the politics of the present,

and it is quite plain that Lord Rosebery would have no real difficulty with any obstinate fidelity in the Liberal party to the memory of Mr. Gladstone's last cause. Upon the program of the future the course is still clearer. Education, housing, temperance, are the three greatest questions to which the Liberalism of the Opposition can address itself, and if these three definite aims of legislation, and these three only, are to appear in future upon the cleaned slate, they will be a sufficient substitute for anything which has been sponged away. The Liberal party can have no monopoly of principle upon these questions, but it may be able, under circumstances which we may consider at a further point, to make a very strong representation to the country that if it wants thorough method upon the fundamental questions of social reform, it must call in the Liberal party.

Most striking of all, however, is the effect upon the Opposition of Lord Rosebery's references to the war. We are not to offer terms. The "incorporation" of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State with the Empire is an irreversible decree. But if Mr. Kruger will submit to that condition, then there is nothing he can ask which we shall refuse to consider. In any case, we are to lavish sympathy and treasure upon the Boer population, and to take the risk of granting a universal amnesty without listening to those who suggest that Lord Rosebery has not bottomed his Boer, and that there may be such a thing as the breaking of political as well as of military parole. It comes to this and to nothing but this, that by comparison with the copious source of the milk of human kindness in the breast of the ex-Premier, Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner appear hard men. There may indeed be something real in that contrast. The important thing is to find

the vast mass of the Liberal party deciding that there is something in it. It is as plain as anything need be that Lord Rosebery's peace policy, such as it is, has superseded the peace policy of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the Derby meeting of the National Liberal Federation, and has become the peace policy of the Liberal party. The pro-Boers, if Lord Rosebery is in the field for good to fight upon the lines of the Chesterfield speech, are clearly going to prove a far slighter obstacle than was thought. In a word, he has a better prospect than he could for a moment have imagined before his reappearance of re-uniting the Liberal party, for they recognize in his leadership a real, and the only real, possibility of returning to office, and that is the consideration that invariably overcomes every other under the party system.

In this respect he has succeeded to the utmost extent possible to any man where his task seemed hopeless. Upon the other hand he has done somewhat less well where he would have been thought likely to do far better, and that is in his appeal to the nation as a whole. It approves the sweeping aside of the Gladstonian tradition upon the Irish question. It approves the gospel of efficiency, though believing that everyone wants it, and that no one can get it by talking at large about it without any positive suggestion of methods. As regards the war, there being not the least prospect of Lord Rosebery being charged with the conduct of any peace negotiations, his views are rather a help than a hindrance, because they dispose of the cry about methods of barbarism and of the demand for the dismissal of the Colonial Secretary and the High Commissioner. What the country as a whole seeks in Lord Rosebery's suggestions upon these and many other points are revelations of mind and character to assist it in deciding whether it ought to trust Lord

Rosebery or not, and so far as it finds them it is not content. It begins to fear that the ex-Premier is the great sentimentalist of politics, and that what may give him power over popular emotion is precisely what may make him perilous in office. The country is bent with a sound instinct upon beating the Boers, and would prefer that there should be no talk of amnesty till afterwards. Otherwise, why should not the Cape Dutch turn rebel even now, with the full knowledge that at the worst there will be amnesty and all the fat of compensation?

But there were other and more disquieting indications of the exaggerated workings of Lord Rosebery's mind. The present Government is in no sense equal to the situation in which the Empire finds itself, and the country regards it with infinite distaste. But Lord Rosebery's attack upon it was a passage of theatrical display, and not the surgical work of intellectual criticism. As no man could possibly be so wise as Daniel Webster looked, no Government could possibly be so bad as Lord Rosebery tries to make Lord Salisbury's administration appear. The result has recalled Talleyrand's maxim that "everything which is exaggerated is insignificant," and the tremendous apostrophe to earth and heaven which made the railway shed ring, has distinctly forced the ordinary fair citizen, least bound by party ties, into the reflection that Ministers are not so imbecile as Lord Rosebery thinks them. The fair citizen wonders whether he also may not have done some injustice to Ministers. The indignation against the inimitable party-cry by which Mr. Chamberlain a little vulgarized the last General Election was preposterously over-wrought at Chesterfield. The importance assigned in a speech upon the state of the Empire to Lord Kitchener's use of the word "bag" was inexpressibly trivial.

It tempts to the retort that Rosamond Vincy's mind was not big enough for little things to look small in.

Nor is the country satisfied with Lord Rosebery's references to foreign opinion. Mr. Chamberlain's remarks upon European precedents for severity in war would have been better left unsaid. But any show of justifying German jingoism upon that subject had much better been left unsaid in the mouths of British statesmen. Twice recently during the debates in the Reichstag, once upon the Tariff Bill, and again upon the Polish interpellation, Count von Bülow has taken a very different tone. There were passages in Lord Rosebery's farewell address upon the Armenian question which showed a similarly exaggerated apprehension upon the subject of foreign susceptibilities. To make this important matter clearer, therefore, it may be well to quote the virile accents of the German Chancellor in the debates of the last few weeks. Upon the Tariff Bill, in reply to the arguments of the Radical leader, Eugen Richter, Count von Bülow spoke as follows:—

We have no need to be more nervous than other States. By the utterances of foreign powers we shall not be induced to swerve by a hair's breadth from the path prescribed to us by our rights and interests. The attacks of the foreign press therefore do not trouble me further, on the contrary, it would give me cause for serious reflection if the tariff were praised by the foreign press. I certainly do not doubt the patriotism of Herr Richter, or of any other member. But to threaten us eternally with the anger of other countries, as has been done for some time now in our press, the absolutely denunciatory manner with which it attempts to blacken the government of its own country in the face of other governments, that is most unworthy. How naive it is to be always threatening a government with the foreign Sir Rupert. I envy MM. my colleagues in

other countries the zeal with which German newspapers set themselves to do their business for them. From a German standpoint it is unpatriotic out of motives of mere domestic party tactics to increase foreign egotism, which without that is in so many cases already strong enough. We desire to maintain with all Powers the very best relations . . . but by foreign censure, foreign attacks and foreign measures, we are not to be influenced.

Count von Bülow may be right or wrong, as may Mr. Chamberlain, but they are more in harmony with each other in the sharp ring of their accents than is Lord Rosebery with either of them. But again, let us listen to the German Chancellor as he spoke upon December 10th last upon the Polish demonstrations:—

I cannot close without giving expression to my astonishment that the proposer of the motion could for an instant believe that foreign judgments upon our internal affairs could impress us in any way. Foreign opinions, tendencies and demonstrations can produce not the slightest influence upon the course of our policy or the attitude of its responsible statesmen. For me the sole governing motive can only be reasons of State, and of the duty towards the German idea. From the fulfilment of this duty I shall not allow myself to be restrained.

This is Mr. Chamberlain's own dialect, and the nation would be exceedingly glad if Lord Rosebery, even on foreign affairs, would learn the note of that manner. If the Colonial Secretary believes that the best party is always the "cut," it was one of the favorite maxims of Bismarck. Lord Rosebery is under a strange hallucination when he imagines that his Government in 1895 left this country in the halcyon enjoyment of peace with honor so far as concerned the popular sentiment of the peoples of Europe in our regard. Does he suppose that the com-

bustible material which burst into the open flame of hatred at the time of the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid was all accumulated in the six months after a Liberal Government quitted office? The truth is that things underwent no change, and the Venezuela message and the Jameson Raid simply enabled us to see what foreign feeling towards us really was. In Germany, above all, by the revulsion against everything English encouraged by the Iron Chancellor for perfectly definite and important purposes, the mine had long been laid, and the Kruger telegram simply fired it. Since then Lord Salisbury has removed what was, at that time, the most imminent danger of our foreign relations by the series of settlements with France, which have left us free, as we had not been since Palmerston's time, to revise with advantage the whole adjustment of our international policy. Has the ex-Premier nothing to say about the improvement in our relations with America, by far the best and greatest result of British diplomacy in our time, and has he no word in recognition of the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has stood in front of all other men in advocacy of that cause? As a matter of fact, it is notorious that since Mr. Chamberlain's speech there has been the most remarkable change for the better in the tone of the Continental press, and especially in that of Germany. France and Russia together are more reasonably disposed towards us on the whole than was the case at any time when Lord Rosebery was in office. In undiplomatic phraseology, not in itself to be commended, the Colonial Secretary managed to remind the foreign hostility which Lord Rosebery laments, that there was a point beyond which it could not indulge itself with impunity. In that he did well. The practical effect has been good. Lord Rosebery does ill to use words

which can only weaken that practical effect by increasing, as Count von Billo would say, "the foreign egotism which without that is already strong enough."

Yet with all this the vindication of the honor of the army and the Government with regard to the severities of the campaign was a passage of the Chesterfield speech which no Englishman could read without a movement of pride. The upshot of the analysis of Lord Rosebery's position with the mass of the nation outside his own party seems to the writer to be this. Its admiration of his qualities and its perception of his weaknesses are alike increased. The country feels that it wants him, and yet feels that it needs security for him. It knows that there can be no complete conversion of his party from the heart upon Imperial questions. If he gets to office at the head of it, the country is not sure whether he will master his party at last, or whether his party will again master him. The constituencies will need some further inducement before they make up their mind to trust the ex-Premier alone.

The next move lies with the Unionists, and if they make a mistake in it they will throw the game into Lord Rosebery's hands. There is no question that their position is imperilled. They are called upon if not to "clean their slate" at least to revise their slate. Their monopoly of Unionism is gone, and though their work is done there is no gratitude in politics. That mine is worked out, and they have had besides the full political profit of it. They have much to apologize for in the past, and they cannot offer a more attractive program for the future than Lord Rosebery's. What the country hates is the temperament of the Cabinet. It is convinced that there is vital work before the nation, and that upon the competent discharge

of that work in the time upon which we are now entering will depend whether England is to remain great.

The stress of economic competition will be fiercer than ever we have felt it. We shall have to fight in earnest against America for the supremacy of our shipping, which is as essential to the Empire as that of our navy. In Germany the chemical and electrical industries in which we have been far outstripped and the latter of which will become of more and more immense importance, are simply the ultimate product of the schools. Education is a supreme issue for us, and no one believes that the Government, as at present constituted, can be brought to deal adequately with it. It is on this question that the Tory residue in the Ministry tells, and must continue to tell against reform. Housing and temperance are questions of industrial and Imperial efficiency quite as much as are the army and the fleet. The financial strain will imperatively demand the revision of our entire fiscal system. Upon all these things the country craves for the vision which Lord Rosebery possesses, and for the executive grasp and energy which not he but Mr. Chamberlain possesses.

The present Prime Minister's frame of mind under present circumstances is the despair of the nation. It will not be content with Mr. Balfour in his place. It does not believe that the Leader of the House is either of the powerful personality or the forward mind indispensable to a man at the head of the Government, for business of national reform and Imperial consolidation that might tax as much force and ability as were in the Cabinet of 1868. After sixteen years of an unexampled ascendancy the country desires to break the Cecilian tradition altogether, and it is for the Unionist party to consider what it means to do after Lord Salisbury's retirement. If Mr.

Balfour is to be Prime Minister that will not be stimulating to the party or the nation. It would be impossible under such an arrangement for the powers of Mr. Chamberlain to have full play, and yet for all popular purposes the prestige and fighting power of an administration under Mr. Balfour would absolutely depend upon the Colonial Secretary.

Of Lord Rosebery's program of administrative efficiency and social reform, not Lord Rosebery but Mr. Chamberlain is the born executor. If the Unionist party have the courage to recognize him once for all as the man above all others in their ranks entitled to the name and office of leadership; if they accept him, in despite of all the intelligible reluctance that would have to be overcome, as Mr. Disraeli was accepted, then the Unionist party will be in little danger from—the other Unionist party! But if Mr. Balfour's premiership is to continue the sense of a slack, unsure, uncompacted administration, then Lord Rosebery's chances are most excellent.

If Mr. Chamberlain is not to be Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery will be. But alone he is not of the giant calibre for the program he formulates. And the country's perplexity is that the ex-Premier is a Unionist Liberal, while Mr. Chamberlain is a Liberal Unionist; that they are both the exponents of the Imperialist spirit, both the advocates of National parties; that there is no honest difference of principle between them, and that much will be lost to the Empire if they are to work apart, and much gained if they can by any method

be induced to work together. What the nation wants is not Mr. Chamberlain alone or Lord Rosebery alone—though it would prefer the former alternative if compelled to choose. It wants both these statesmen, the seer and the executor; and it wants them in the custody of each other. There was never a combination in politics to which a certain apologue was more applicable. The blind man with the sturdy legs heard, as he stumbled forward, the voice that came out of the ditch from the man who could see but could not walk. When the latter was carried upon the back of the former both were well sped. Lord Rosebery desires ardently to work for the Empire in office, and otherwise cares nothing for anything that is peculiar to the Liberal party. The country wishes to see the ex-Premier in office, but to have the Colonial Secretary out of office is the last thing it desires. The conjunction is prevented by nothing but a personal asperity between two statesmen whose gifts in no way compete, but are curiously complementary. If the Duke of Devonshire were sent for by His Majesty upon Lord Salisbury's retirement, why should not Lord Rosebery become his Foreign Minister and Mr. Chamberlain his Leader of the House? Whether the two Liberal Imperialists, now agreeing in everything essential except their opinion of each other, are to work together to the gain of the Empire or against each other to the loss of the Empire, there is but one exalted intervention which can determine. It is that of the King!

Calchas.

THE LOVE AFFAIRS OF FRANCES CROMWELL.

Of the Protector's three daughters, the youngest, according to all contemporary accounts, seems to have been the flower of the bunch. Spoiled and humored, she certainly was, and, with the audacity seldom lacking in the junior member of a large family, usually succeeded in attaining the end she desired.

Frances Cromwell's attractions must indeed, have been considerable if the smallest credence is to be placed in the rather apocryphal story that her pretensions as a possible match for that connoisseur of female charms, the Merry Monarch in his pre-Restoration days, were actually at one time under discussion. We may, however, safely dismiss this legend at the outset, and begin to date Frances's love affairs from her coquettish relations with her father's sprightly and amusing chaplain, Jerry White, and her succeeding acquaintance with young Robert Rich, heir-presumptive to the seventeenth-century Warwick earldom.

The portrait of the Lady Frances at Chequer's Court exhibits traces of distinct comeliness if not of beauty, although it was not painted until she was near middle life, and had been for some years a widow for the second time. She is still wearing the dark weeds of her mourning, and the chastened lines of her countenance belie the coquetry of her youth. This has now given place to some expression of that anxious preoccupation with household cares for which her practical second husband chides her so sensibly.

Her correspondence with this staid

partner, Sir John Russell of Chippenham, which has been recently brought to light in the last report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, supplies a series of genuine love-letters, written before and after marriage, which might afford a model for many fictitious collections.¹

Born at Ely and baptized on December 6, 1638, Frances (in consequence of her father's elevation to the dignity of Lord Protector, she is usually spoken of as the Lady Frances) was about seventeen when that intimacy with young Robert Rich began, which was to throw two families into "the greatest confusion and trouble as ever poor family can be in," to use the words of Mary Cromwell, writing to her brother Henry in Ireland. For nearly two years the pros and cons of the Cromwell-Rich match occupied all their friends' attention. First it was on, then it was off; not from any coolness on the part of the lovers, but as the result of over-anxious parents and grandparents, and much-to-be-desired settlements. These, at least, were the ostensible hindrance. There is very little doubt, however, that Frances's father employed the financial difficulties as a veil to cover his more personal and particular objections.

Young Rich's grandfather, the Earl of Warwick, was, of course, a tried and trusted friend. As Lord High Admiral of England under the Parliament, he had been brought in direct contact with the Protector. Of his sober piety and good intentions there could be no doubt in the Protector's mind. He was a man after Cromwell's own heart. But his son—the young man's father—was of quite another stamp. It may have been the reaction from a rigid Puritan training,

¹ By the kindness of Mr. Bertram F. Russell-Astley, of Chequer's Court, the owner, I am able to give the entire text of several of the letters, which I have transcribed from the originals.

but certainly none of Lord Warwick's three sons followed him in the pious courses in which they had been reared. The elder and the younger, Robert, Lord Rich, and Hatton Rich, were men of notorious debauchery. The middle son, Charles, was deterred from following their particular vices by the expostulations of his saintly wife, and by gout, which for nearly twenty years chained him a helpless cripple to his chair or couch.

Young Robert seems to have been a well-disposed and good-natured creature, devoid of any pretensions to brilliancy. He had always enjoyed the most indifferent health. As a motherless only child, he had been humored and spoiled; yet in spite of his frequently erratic courses he was the object of much devotion on the part of those two very different individuals, the Earl of Warwick and Christian, Countess of Devonshire, his surviving grand-parents. But a time arrived when either was alike unable to proceed in what, when writing to him, they each name as "your business." Robert, with all the usual irresponsibility, waywardness and selfish vanity of a young man desperately in love, had deliberately vanished, taken himself off to the country, and left no clue behind as to his whereabouts. It was not for the first time. On the present occasion, however, he seems to have given warning of his intention in a letter to his grandfather, to which the latter replies somewhat sternly:—

"Robin,—I have received your letter, and am not a little troubled at your withdrawing of yourself anew from your friends and where we shall not know where to have you. If anything be done in your business this term it must be speedily done, for your father is necessitated to go to the Bath for his health, and stays only upon it; and this term is so short that if we were all

agreed upon the business, I do not see how we could transact it, the books to be drawn being so long. And if we shall overslip this term, you can act nothing in this business till Michaelmas term, which is the latter end of October. I fear my Lord Protector does not mean you shall have his daughter; his demands are so high in things that cannot be granted, for you know what ado I have had with your father about them. And the more trust my Lord Protector leaves with me 'twill be better for yo^a. If you could have withdrawn yourself for a few days you might have gone to my house at Rochford and lain there as long as you would, and nobody to trouble you. Your father takes it very ill that you have been often here and never came to visit him. I shall this night or to-morrow morning, if Mr. Pyrpoint comes from the Wells, speak with him about your business, but if my Lord Protector insists upon these high demands your business will soon be at an end, for I assure you that nothing could have made me come to half that I have offered, but seeing your great affection to my Lady Frances and her good respect to you.

"I would have you send me word where you are that we may know how to send to you."

1

About the same date (May, 1656) Lady Devonshire writes also to her "Sweet Robin," to say that if it had been possible for his friends to communicate with him, he "would not have been so great a stranger to their inclinations to further you in what you principally desire." They desire his liberty and freedom as much as he can do, she adds, and rejoice with him that he is "likely to be delivered suddenly from your obscure condition." She then goes on, amid other advice, to implore him to neglect nothing that is for the good of his health, which she

is glad to hear is better. On no account must he slight a cold. "Care of yourself will now be more considerable than ever, that this romance may receive a happy close."

Soon after, the engagement, which had then lasted several months, was broken off. Cromwell professed that the terms of marriage settlements offered by the Riches were not equal to his expectations. He seems to have privately informed his daughter that he personally disapproved of and distrusted her admirer. Had heard reports of his being "vicious, given to play and such like things; which office was done by some who had a mind to break off the match," Mary Cromwell tells us. It is more than probable that the astute Jeremiah White was at the bottom of this fabrication, for fabrication it certainly was. Such pretensions as that aspirant entertained on his own part were, however, speedily disposed of by the young lady's father.

In the strictly religious circle of the Protector's Court even so innocent a piece of gallantry as the reverend chaplain's admiration of Frances could not be carried on without spies; and the Protector was assisted one day to surprise Jerry on his knees before that outrageous young flirt, his youngest daughter. The chaplain was, in fact, arrested in the very act of kissing her hand.

Cromwell's slow, heavy anger rose to his lips, and he coldly demanded the meaning of the scene. But Jerry, whom Oldmixon quaintly describes as "the top wit of Oliver's Court," was never at a loss for a word. With characteristic presence of mind, he adroitly explained that he had long been courting "that young gentlewoman, my Lady's woman," although without success. He was now, therefore, humbly praying her Ladyship to intercede for him.

Cromwell turned at once upon the waiting-woman, and requested to be

informed why she refused the honor his friend, Mr. White, would do her.

Jerry, for once, had met his match. The young woman had, it is true, been credited with a partiality in the chaplain's direction, but, apart from this, the opportunity was distinctly not one to be neglected. Curtseying low, she replied, magnanimously, that if Mr. White intended her that honor, she would not be so churlish as to deny him.

"Call Godwin," returned Cromwell; "this business shall be done at once."

And the ill-assorted pair were married then and there. Perhaps we may look upon them as victims of the sole example of the Protector's rather sorry practical joking, indulged in in a distinctly mordant humor. He could do no less than present the bride with a portion, and the 500*l.* which he added to her own fortune placed Jerry White in easy circumstances for life, except in one thing, as the narrative adds, that he never loved his wife nor she him, although they lived together near fifty years after. Frances, at any rate, bore him no grudge, and her former admirer acted for many years as domestic chaplain to her second husband.

Whilst amusing herself with the parson, Frances was busy sifting the truth from the reports about Robert Rich. She had obtained from her father a promise that if he could be satisfied that these were false, "the estate should not break it off." Coquette as she was, she seems to have been much in love with Rich, and had even, according to her sole confidante, Mary, been unwise enough to indulge in philandering of a somewhat compromising character with him. It fills her Puritan sister with pious horror. "Truly, I must tell you privately," Mary writes to her brother Henry in June, 1656, "they are so far engaged that the match cannot be broke off. Dear brother, this is as

far as I can tell the state of the business. The Lord direct them what to do."

Matters, however, dragged on for more than another year. What the young man's grandfather was able to effect towards a settlement was undone by his father, who, "having no esteem at all of his son because he is not so bad as himself," showed little disposition to settle such sums of money as he enjoyed in his own right upon his only son after his death. He had, of course, the three infant and motherless daughters of his second wife to consider. Probably in the end both parties conceded something.

When, at last, all obstacles were smoothed away, and the wedding day fixed, nobody was better pleased than the good grandfather who had striven so hard for this desired end. How his hopes centred round this marriage for his feeble, sickly young heir may be guessed from a quaint, frolicsome little note which he despatched to the bridegroom about a week before his wedding. The young gentleman apparently had made another of those sudden retreats which in pre-post and telegraph days could be so successfully achieved. Lord Warwick begins his letter with a singular endearment:

"Thou small cur, yet a cur to the best, finest lady in the world, there is nothing can excuse you from running away but the hope I have you have since seen your happiness. But be of good comfort for in one seven nights your sun shall shine on you to a lasting comfort, if you continue worthy of her favor. And so, small white cur, God bless thee! Your grand sire, as you please,

"Warwick.

"From your mistress's chamber this Wednesday afternoon."

² At the autopsy, conducted by six physicians and two surgeons in the presence of Dr. Gauden.

Although it is undated, this facetious little epistle can be safely assigned to November 4, 1657, for the wedding took place upon Wednesday, November 11, at the Palace of Whitehall. Banns of marriage, according to the then recent Act, had been published at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields on three previous Sundays, October 25, and November 1 and 7.

The father's reluctance to consent to his daughter's marriage was amply justified by the sequel. Only three months after his marriage Robert Rich, whom, "living or languishing, dying or dead," his young wife tended with all possible devotion, died at Whitehall on February 16, 1658, and Frances was left a widow² at the age of nineteen.

Rich had been dead nearly three weeks when, on March 5, a pompous funeral wended its way down to Felsted to deposit his remains with the other descendants of that questionable character, but undoubtedly benefactor to the quiet Essex village on the hill, Lord Chancellor Rich, who had been laid to rest in the church there.

Robert's grandfather was nearly broken-hearted. "If you only keep his body a little longer you may carry me away along with him and bury me also," he said to his attendants as they awaited the funeral procession from London. In less than three months he, too, had indeed departed; and in just over a year he was followed by his son Robert, father of Frances's bridegroom.

Dr. Gauden, of "Eikon Basilike" fame, who had been the young man's tutor, and had accompanied him to France, officiated at his former pupil's obsequies. His sermon, "Funerals make Cordials," when printed extends to one hundred and fourteen dreary, unedifying pages. One is glad, for the sake of the funeral party, to learn that it is in this form "much en-

he was pronounced to have died of king's evil, i. e., scrofula.

larged beyond the horary limits of a sermon," and that what was "necessarily and excusably contracted in the pulpit is now dilated in the press." Nevertheless, it must have been sufficiently nauseous to listen to, with its admixture of fulsome flattery and iteration of the noisome consequences of corporeal dissolution.

So closes Episode II of Madam Frances's love affairs.

Misfortunes soon accumulated on the house of Cromwell. Lady Claypole's death, in August of the same year, plunged the whole family into grief. When a month after, on the day of his two great victories, September 3, the Protector himself died, loss of fortune followed the losses of relatives. The confiscated estate of New Hall in Essex had been granted to Cromwell, and settled by him upon his youngest daughter. It had now again to be surrendered, and was bestowed by an effusive people upon Monck, Duke of Albermarle, for his share in restoring the monarchy they had condemned and destroyed.

All the efforts of her friends did not succeed in keeping for Frances her forfeited estate, although she did recover some of her forfeited jewelry. Soon after the Restoration a warrant was issued under the sign manual of the King for the delivery to her of a diamond and ruby bracelet, which was "seized as goods of Oliver Cromwell, and which we are satisfied properly belongs unto her." She was to acquire, however, and with little delay, a treasure of far more intrinsic value.

In those days of marrying and remarrying it was not to be expected that the hand of so young and attractive a widow should remain long unsought. Frances's unfortunate experiment in matrimony had by no means cured her of coquetry, and the next suitor who made his appearance was treated to all those variations of favor and disdain

which consign your serious lover to the tortures of the damned. Judging from epistolary symptoms, this one had succumbed to a most aggravated form of the universal malady.

The son of Sir Francis Russell, of Chippenham, in Cambridgeshire, John Russell, was then aged about thirty.⁵ His acquaintance with the Cromwell family was not new, for Henry Cromwell had already some nine years earlier married his elder sister, Elizabeth. Russell's letters to the object of his devotion show him to have been a man of deep and tender nature. Doubtless a modern lover would substitute for his protestations disquisitions upon favorite books and authors, comments upon scenery or quotations from the poets. The sentiment he would be content to take for granted. He would be rare indeed who could give it so perfect an expression.

The first letter, which follows, evidently commences a correspondence (altogether one-sided at first) for which personal intercourse, daily growing more amatory in nature, has been rather suddenly exchanged. The lover has been recalled, he says, by duty to his country home. The inevitable change of perspective has put the finishing touch to his ardor:

"Chippenham: November 28, 1662.

"Madam,—In spite of all yt distance into which my duty has thrown me, you are still so really present that I find it now as difficult a thing to write to your ladyship as it but lately was to speak to you. This, madam, is my honest apologie, yt I have not all this while troubled you with an addresse. My soul has not been sluggish, but alas! is both unable and afraid to pay its devotions, so little, madam, is your ladyship beholden to me for that repose and quiet you have enjoyed since I last

⁵ He was baptized at Chippenham, October 6, 1632 (Noble).

importuned you. All my relieve is in this reasonable persuasion; surely that perfection which I feele so omnipotent with me, must be equally omniscient and good. You have too great a place in my heart to be unacquainted with any of its motions; you cannot, indeed, but see all those tremblings, those passions and languishings which your own presence makes it feele; you must know all that which I would say did I not want words and courage to express it. Oh, how happy shall I bee if I may but finde your Ladyship as great an image of those powers above in goodness and condescension as you are in their severall excellencies. Heaven does not deny our services because our apprehensions are short and our merit nothing. You know, madam, what I all, what I would tell you, what I would have. Be gracious to one that humbly expects his life or death from your decree.

"I dare not, madam, be so rude as to beg a letter from you, and yet my respect to your Ladyship's quiet gives me this impudence. Would you, madam, be rid of me and all those disturbances which you are still likely to receive from me, do but bless me with a line or two, and I shall certainly die for joy, and so you will escape those further impertinences which else you must suddenly expect."

Frances was not to be drawn by this letter into conceding too easily what indeed it was kinder to withhold, since the writer, according to his own account, was unable to bear it and live. He manages, however, to keep in existence for a fortnight, and then takes up his pen once more. He is now about to die unless he obtains the favor of one line. And for his lady's sake he considers himself bound to preserve his life.

The thermometer is rising rapidly in

his letters; two weeks have brought a marked increase of warmth:—

"I should be afraid thus to repeat your Ladyship's trouble did I not now consider myself only as your servant, and upon that account value my own preservation. It is that, madam, which has so hugely endeared me to myself and this world that I begin to be fondly tender of that life which will speedily prove burdensome to me if I am denied your livery. . . . When I wrote last, I was afraid to receive a favor from your Ladyship lest it should fill me with such ecstasies as might throw me out of my very being, and now I die unless I may obtain one. Thus devout, religious souls tremble when they are going to Heaven, and yet pine and mourn because they are not there. . . . But why do I at this distance beg for that I ought to fetch? Yes, madam, I am resolved very speedily to throw myself at your Ladyship's feet; . . . I fly, methinks I am all wings, and if in the next moment you see me not waiting upon you, it is because, madam, I bring with me my poor all."

Even this was apparently powerless to melt the heart of Frances, and unable longer to endure both silence and banishment, the lover again pours himself out upon paper. There is no date to the next letter of the series. Shall we suppose a fortnight to have elapsed? a week? three days? In view of the parlous condition to which he is now reduced, the latter would perhaps be the most reasonable supposition:—

"Chippenham.

"Love and fear, grief and impatience, are my perpetual tormentors. I cannot sleep but with a great deal of disturbance. I have not the same advantage of air as other men. I do not so much breathe as sigh. This is the con-

dition I have been in ever since I saw you last, and now, madam, that I have made known my torments to you, give me leave to tell you that there is nothing in this world can give me anything of ease but one line from your Ladyship, for which I as earnestly beg for as I would for a morsel of bread if I were ready to starve, and since, madam, it is in your power to take me off this rack, it concerns your generosity very much not to use cruelty to one who cries you quarter, and casts himself at your feet, where I beg that you would be pleased some time to remember that I am, madam, your Ladyship's most humble and most dutiful servant."

Could a woman remain obdurate in the face of such pleading? Yes, she apparently could and did, for his next (which is evidently out of its sequence in the published report) seems to imply that even the "one single line" so eloquently solicited is still withheld. There is again no date, but this lover had probably not let many days elapse before he again addressed his lady-love in words of protest:—

"I ask not, madam, what has become of my last scribblings. I make no complaints of your Ladyship's silence. I beg no expressions of kindness from you. I do not so much as tell you how much I honor and serve you. The excess of my passion for you, as well as my respects to you, strike me dumb and confound me."

His "dumbness" consists in being remarkably eloquent through several pages. And to the eloquence is now added some gentle reproach:

"It is confessed to your hand that the same understanding which commands me to love you, requires you to slight and scorn me. Only, madam, indulge me this freedom, to assure your Ladyship that I must, in spite of your too, too reasonable severity, live or die

yours. . . . I am such a sinner, methinks it's pride in me to pray, nor may I ever expect to be blessed unless, like Heaven, you forgive and show mercy to your Ladyship's most humble creature."

These appeals at length obtained a reply, although in the letter she at last condescends to grant, Frances still shows herself provokingly far from taking her lover seriously. In a bit of dainty and delicious raillery she dissociates herself entirely from any participation in the "wicked" malady from which he is such a sufferer. Her letter also is undated:—

"I am very sorry you have entertained an affection which proves so troublesome to you, and hope you will not wonder if I take care to preserve myself from the passion which has done you so much mischief. You are too reasonable to interpret this slighting of you, for I consider you so much herein as to make you my example, and for your sake am an enemy to that wicked disease called love, because it handles you so severely. I assure you, sir, I so far sympathize with you as upon your account to be afraid of it, and advise you as soon as possibly you can to rid yourself of such an uncivil guest. Surely that which unmans you, which torments you with much fear, grief and impatience, which disturbs your rest, denies you the common benefit of air (and so near Newmarket Heath, too), and turns all your breath into sighs, must needs be very dangerous to a poor silly woman.

"You have no reason to complain of these lines, because they express as much charity and care for you as faithfulness to myself. You are too honest to wish another infected because you are sick. I hope for your recovery. If I have not forgot the contents of your last, I think I have more than satisfied your own desire, for you were

so reasonable as to consider my poverty, and so only requested one line."

The answer to this sprightly specimen of feminine wit does not seem to be included in the series preserved. Before the following letter was indited, Frances had apparently conceded some kind of a promise that at a "convenient time" she would allow her banished admirer to again present himself, not without the hope of a warmer reception. The forlorn picture he draws of himself in the next letter is so irresistible that one wonders how the lady, who seems already relenting, could make up her mind to part with it, even if writing-paper was scarce. Her answer is written upon the back of it. Russell professes:—

"The greatest pleasure I ever had in my life is that of having seen you, and the greatest torment is being at this distance. It is certainly but just that so great a good fortune as that of having found you should cost me something, nay, though it were my life, I should not think I had bought it at too dear a rate. . . . Even at the same time that I suffer that I see you not and am in doubt whether you love me, I would not change conditions with those who are most fortunate, who see and who enjoy. I cannot now in any company exceed a smile, and when I have viewed all about me I retire into a corner by myself. Be pleased, therefore, dear madam, that that convenient time (as you were pleased to call it) may be with the soonest, and that after so much suffering I may enjoy the greatest of happinesses."

Turning over the sheet we find Frances Rich's reply. She is awaiting the completion of her affairs, which are now being negotiated by her former admirer the chaplain, Jerry White, the invaluable friend of her family, who was acting as Mrs. Cromwell's trustee and adviser; his

return from Hursley, where the Protector's widow was domiciled, was daily expected. Affairs between the lovers have vastly progressed; she now reproaches him for doubting her love:—

"I have received yours, and have only now time to thank you for the very great expressions of love I find in it. I will not now complain of you, otherwise I could take it ill you should, after all that has passed between yourself and me, say you are in a doubt whether I love you; nor can I allow you to mention so much your suffering upon my account, since I must tell you my usage has been very favorable; but I excuse all such escapes of your pen, as proceeding from an extravagant passion, and for your sake wish the object of it more considerable. To make it so is the account your fuller satisfaction is delayed, and till those affairs depending are ripened be content with the very good fortune you have hitherto had, and, as patiently as you can, lengthen out your consideration and respect of her who has, she thinks, very early put you into a capacity of pretending to her and deserved the expectation. At Mr. White's return from Hursley you shall hear further."

All the preceding letters, save Russell's two first of November 28 and December 12, 1662, are undated. They must, however, have followed hard upon each other. The next, which is here given in full, is dated February 14. This lover had no idea of letting the grass grow under his feet. He presses for a speedy end to be put to the "dark interval" he languishes in, and it was not long before his persistence was rewarded. Meanwhile he writes two letters to his lady-love. In the first he is still on the rack of uncertainty:—

"Chippenham: February 14 (?1663).

"Madam,—It is impossible for me to expresse the torture my whole being is in until your Ladyship satisfie the

hope you have given me leave to entertain. I confess it is a very great presumption and boldness in me to pretend to more, but I cannot help it. Like a man that is pressed down, I cry, "More waight;" or rather like those good soules which have had a foretaste of that blessedness to come, am all wing, flame and desire, till I am got to the full possession of it.

"Dear madam, I conjure you by Heaven's example, by all that pity, compassion, bounty and goodness, which has prevailed with you to own me this far, by that vehement passion which your Ladyship has both kindled and approved, that you would now perfect what you have so generously begun.

"Dear madam, say 'come' to him who perseveringly is making to you, and must be so forever, so great an infiniteness of pleasure and worth has he discovered in you.

"Let other things be good husbands and spare themselves, but your Ladyship can lose nothing by a full discovery of yourself, for you are too great to know any bounds.

"Dear madam, once more let me beg you to abbreviate these tedious, dark intervals I languish in, and pronounce the jubilees and triumphs of, madam, your Ladyship's faithful and most obedient'

"John Russell."

This appeal must have brought a welcome summons to the side of his mistress. At that interview, apparently, the happy day was fixed. As he reluctantly retraces his unwilling steps to Cambridgeshire, Russell indites upon the road the following epistle:—

"(?April, 1663).

"Thus farre I have forc'd myselfe to endure what I cannot helpe, but I find it impossible to get beyond this place without looking back. The truth is

I wonder at my own tameness that I come not myselfe, but, madam, you and your businesse command the contrary, and this consideration I find so reasonable and powerfull, that it wholly disposes of mee. It is but fit you should be obeyed. Yes, madam, I am jogging on to a place that can yield no pleasure whilst you are not in it, and only comfort myself in this, that I am going to prepare it for your Ladyship. Oh, God! how it torments my grateful soul that after all is done it will be no more worthy of you. But you, madam, can only make it and everything else considérable. Were it not for this thought I should be ashamed to show myself again to her that I must hasten to, or die. Yes, madam, I am impatient till your Ladyship has compleated my blessedness, I am sensibly afflicted that he can signify no more to whom you show the honor and happiness of subscribing himselfe, madam, your most affectionate, obliged and obedient servant,

"John Russell."

This belongs, perhaps, to some day in the month of April, 1663. The expectant lover had not many weeks to spend over his preparations. On May 7 the courtship ended in marriage, and Sir John Russell and the Lady Frances Cromwell became one.

The series of letters is, however, by no means ended. Nor does the tone of them alter much, save that instead of indulging in abstractions of sentiment, the husband is content to offer his wife excellent practical advice about not being overburdened with household cares. The former spoilt and coquettish beauty seems to have become a very Martha after her second marriage. "Dear rogue," writes her husband from Newmarket soon after the marriage, "make much of thyself, and let not thy domestic affairs trouble thee, and in so doing you will oblige your poor but lov-

ing husband and dear dog. P.S.—About five this morning I write this nonsense." He begs her to come over to his brother-in-law, Lord Thomond's, to dine, as there is to be an extra "good dinner upon her account," but she, declining, upon the back of his letter says, lovingly, "Eat for thyself and me too, for I shall fast till I see thee." To add to her domestic worries, Frances is suffering from a troublesome cook. Her husband writes, very sensibly: "Dear child, make much of thyself and let it not be in the power of that ridiculous woman to give thee any trouble, I hope she will have gone before you get this." More than this, he most capably sets about finding a woman to replace the kitchen failure. And towards this end, during one of his visits to town, he enlists the aid of Frances's sister, Mary, Lady Fauconberg: "My Lord and Lady Fauconberg, I this day dined with. My Lord is very melancholy at the loss of his two sisters. He intends to keep Christmas with you. My Lady has taken a cook-maid for you. I have not seen her yet, but she was under-cook to Lord Castleton, and Lady Fauconberg thinks is very fit for you. Pray dismiss your bedlam cook with all the speed you can. I am sure she cannot but be a great plague to you."

Another time he remarks, "Nurse Fletcher is sending down your house-keeper. Do not take too much care, but make much of yourself. I hope your claret is good. If not, let me know, and anything else you would have me do for you." And on one of his visits to town this good husband writes for his wife's edification that he does not perceive that "there is any particular fashion, but everybody pleasing their own fancy." "Those few things I am to buy for you shall be bought by my cousin Chicheley," in whose taste he had evidently more con-

fidence than in his own. "If thou designest to make thy poor husband happy let not the cares of this world trouble thee, and it is done," he winds up.

All Russell's letters to his wife are full of affection, and grief at the separation from her occasioned by the law business which keeps him in town. She is evidently still sometimes exacting, since in one of his communications he avers that he is so angry with her for her severe letter that he cannot be in good humor until she makes him amends, and is no longer so cruel as to doubt the real love of her "poor husband, who thinks himself in purgatory while absent from her dear self."

Frances is no longer coy: "Although I got well to this place" (her sister, Lady Fauconberg's), "where, as you told me, I should be received with a great deal of joy and kindness" (she writes), "yet methinks I want thy dear self to complete this present pleasure which I now enjoy. I can most truly assure thee that as well as I love this place, and as much respect and fondness as I meet with from my dear sister and other persons, yet I could not live contented here without thee. . . . I pray God bless my dear, and send him safe to his most passionately fond, dearly loving wife."

With these words written in February, 1670, the correspondence closes. A month later, Frances Russell was a second time a widow, although only thirty-two. This time she was able to find some consolation in her four children. The second boy she had named, after her first husband, Rich Russell. Sixty years after she had stood before the altar as young Rich's bride, she was still alive. But she made no further essays in matrimony, and perhaps the romance that fell to her share in early life was of the kind that does not repeat itself.

Charlotte Fell Smith.

A LONDONER'S LOG-BOOK.

X.

I stayed on at Brighton longer than I had intended. The occasional relaxation of domestic discipline is always enjoyable. I like being able to come down late to breakfast, without being told reproachfully that the tea is stone cold. I like being able to take a nap after dinner without the risk of hearing, at a later hour, that my mouth had been unbecomingly wide open, or that I have been "snoring like a pig." Then, again, I enjoy the opportunities of social observation which an hotel affords, and I feel that I can turn them to good account. Mr. Soulsby has just woke up to the fact that the "Parish Magazine" wants a little enlivening, and would be all the better for a dash of frivolity; so I have some thoughts of letting him have a series of papers in a vein of delicate humor, on "Life in a Lift," or "Mirth and Marvels at the Métropole." If it is true that good Americans when they die go to Paris, there is at any rate much show of reason for the theory that the Ten Tribes, when they were lost, went to Brighton. Like those "bright children of the Sun," as Lord Beaconsfield called them, I love the climate of the King's Road, and find it highly conducive to a healthy appetite. I protest that I could live forever on the beefsteak puddings and stewed pears which "Mutton's" provides in perennial profusion, and, if moderate exercise is required to stimulate digestion, I can obtain it by a modest expenditure on carriage-hire. "Tis the gondola of London," exclaimed Lo-thair, as he sprang into the hansom. The gondola of Brighton is the one-horse victoria in which we jog placidly from Medina Terrace even to the Madeira Walk. It is roses, roses all the

way. Nature bathes Worthing Pier in golden light, and Art delivers her message (by the hand of Mr. James Knowles) in the majestic elevation of the Grand Hotel. It is, I fear, a sign of growing old that Dancing Dogs and Performing Fleas and Happy Families no longer quicken in me the eager emotions of my boyhood; but when I saw a street-bred urchin ignite a cracker between the legs of an itinerant preacher of stern doctrines, all the innocent joy of youth revived; and ten minutes later I found myself listening with unaffected pleasure to the homely humor of "The Crimson Mr. E.s."¹

Thus pleasantly, and I hope blamelessly, ran out the mellow weeks of October. But, after a time, Brighton begins to pall upon the jaded taste, and its amusements to savor of monotony. As autumn deepens into winter, the thought of Stuccovia becomes unspeakably attractive. I say my prayers with my window open towards London. By faith I see (and taste) its familiar fogs. The inward ear catches the welcome note of its muffin-bell. Selina took advantage of my visit to the Church Congress to fill the house with workmen; and the little jobs which were to have been finished in three days have by some mysterious process of economic law been lengthened out into as many weeks, during which I was a compulsory exile from my home. Selina casting about for the cause of this inconvenient protraction, is inclined to believe that she has found it in the foolishness of the Christian Social Union, which has "stuffed the workmen's heads with the notion that they are to do exactly what they like, and that we

¹ An eccentric band of minstrels who performed on the pier this autumn.—ED.

are to pay them what they ask for doing it." Of course this gibe is aimed at Bertha, who takes "the Commonwealth;" but that dear girl is quite equal to the occasion. "Really, Selina, I wonder how you can talk such nonsense about things which you don't the least understand. You might just as well say that Sir Blundell Maple is a pro-Boer because they couldn't get that hideous chintz in the drawing-room matched for you. I am truly thankful they couldn't, for it always made me feel ill; and, as to the working man and Socialism, and all that, you had better read Canon Holland's essay on 'Every Man his own Grandmother.' Of course I don't expect you to agree with him; but at any rate you would know what you were talking about, and that's more than you do at present."

It will be inferred from this exhibition of repartee that Bertha has come back in excellent form from her round of visits in Loamshire. She has indeed arrived a good deal sooner than we expected; but Selina, who generally is extreme to mark what is done amiss, has no word of reprobation. Last year she used to say that it was really shameful of Bertha to desert her home just at the time of year when Mamma most wanted some one to keep her company, and that she really didn't understand the selfishness of girls in the present day—so very unlike what she had been brought up to.

Now she declares that Bertha is perfectly right to come to London and have a little fun, "especially as her riding is stopped this winter, poor girl." This last shaft is aimed at me, for it is reported in the family that Bertha's horse has never recovered from the strain of carrying me when I was last in Loamshire, and has been condemned to spend the remainder of his days between the shafts of Mrs. Topham-Sawyer's brougham. Be that as it may, Bertha has arrived in high health and

spirits, looking forward, as she says, to a "jolly Advent." By this slightly unliturgical expression, I understand her to mean a great many special services, an orgie of Christmas decoration and, if only the weather is propitious, some skating with young Bumpstead on the Serpentine. Can it be true my Selina perceives, and even approves, the "motion of a hidden fire" which trembles in her sister's breast?

Meanwhile, of course, Bertha has brought us a budget of county news from Loamshire—how the odious Mrs. Goldbug, who was so rude to Selina at the Great County Sale, and who now rents the principal place in the county, has actually secured a Royal Personage for her best shooting party; how there was a rumor that she was going to marry the impecunious Lord-Lieutenant, and how his eldest daughter eloped with the gamekeeper sooner than endure such a stepmother; how this desperate act now proves to have been premature, as Mrs. Goldbug denies the engagement, and the Lord-Lieutenant is said to have taken to drinking in consequence of his rejection.

One of the social events of Bertha's autumn was a great gathering of the Primrose League, convened by my brother-in-law, Tom Topham-Sawyer, at the Sawpits.

A grand political dinner
To the men of many acres,
A gathering of the Tory,
A dinner and then a dance
For the maids and marriage-makers.

The "glory," which should have rhymed with "Tory," was in this case marred by an unfortunate incident, and Bertha, whose relations with her brother have, since he came into his possessions, been a little strained, told us with rather unamiable glee that Tom's great peroration about the Flag and the Empire was absolutely ruined by a

sudden incursion of the "steam-organ"—that Tom lost his temper most shockingly, and swore that unless that infernal thing was stopped he would turn the whole boiling of them out of his park.

Bertha went on to say that her brother, who has the true squire's sense of his own importance, had addressed strong remonstrances to the Grand Council of the Primrose League, complaining of the courtesy with which he had been treated, and threatening to withdraw from the League unless his utterances were received with greater respect. The result of this remonstrance was seen in the following edict of the Grand Council, which Bertha delightedly produced from her pocket-book:—

When officers of Habitations are arranging with proprietors of merry-go-rounds to come to their open-air *fêtes*, it should be stipulated that during the speeches the music of the steam-organ should cease.

Bertha, still smarting from Selina's attack on the Christian Social Union, made great capital out of this decree. "It's all very well to abuse the C.S.U., Selina, but I don't think we ever published anything so absurd as that. I must say that from what I saw of them at the *fête* I thought your Primrose friends were an extraordinarily ill-mannered set of people. Certainly poor old Tom is a deplorable speaker, but it was too rude to interrupt him on his own lawn. When Canon Gore or Father Adderley addresses the C.S.U. no one dreams of playing the hurdy-gurdy."

The mention of these ecclesiastics leads me by a natural transition to the familiar fields of theological enquiry. I learn that the Harvest Festival at St. Ursula's went off with extraordinary success. The Brown Paper Service had a whole column to itself in "Church

Bells," and Mr. Soulsby's address to the children delivered on the occasion is to be published in a pamphlet by the Froebel Institute. At St. Ursula's the Harvest Festival is always what Mr. Gladstone once oddly called "a new commencement." The autumnal lull is over, and the parochial existence is becoming tense and eager. Fresh activities are developed every day, and Mr. Soulsby's life is more than ever "full."

This November a "Home-Reading Circle" has been formed in connection with the Parochial Club, and the Vicar has decided that the general subject of the winter course shall be "Some Aspects of the Roman Controversy." He prides himself on discerning the signs of the times, and he feels that just now the Roman idea is in the air, and demands the intelligent consideration of instructed Anglicans. He is animated by no Protestant bigotry, no desire for polemical advantage. "Nay," he says in dulcet tones, "I have a tender place in my heart for our erring aunt, the Church of Rome. We, of this fold, may not call her mother; but is she not our mother's sister, though she may have wandered far astray?"

The syllabus of the winter's readings suggests "Helbeck of Bannisdale," "The Casting of Nets," "The Vicar of St. Luke's," and "The Eternal City," as illustrating different aspects of the same theme; and the Vicar's intense preoccupation with the proposed course has awoke a responsive interest in the parish. Bumpstead, indeed, with insular prejudice, dismisses the whole subject as "tosh;" and Bertha, though she expresses herself with more maidenly grace, concurs in Bumpstead's judgment. "Of course the scene of 'Helbeck' being laid at Levens makes it interesting in a sort of way, and its rather fun picking out the real people in Dick Bagot's book. But I got hopelessly stuck in the 'Eternal City,' and

I really think the Vicar of St. Luke's was the greatest goose I ever came across. Imagine him wanting to marry a district visitor who was old enough to be his mother! I'm sure he was better off as a Jesuit, even though they did make him dig in the kitchen garden. But I can't imagine what good Mr. Soulsby thinks it will do one to read about such absurdities."

Other people less frivolously constituted, have taken the subject seriously, and the more Protestant section of the congregation are inclined to think Mr. Soulsby's sudden interest in Romanism rather a dangerous sign.

There are disquieting rumors in the parish that at the Church Congress he was observed to applaud Lord Halifax's reference to Invocation, and that he was heard discussing the question of Authority with the Rev. Leighton Pulian. All this, so different from the harmless aestheticism of his previous career, has filled the "Fishers in Deep Waters" with a sense of unrest; and in truth, I believe that our dear Vicar has entered on a phase of theological transition. Lord Beaconsfield, who being an alien alike in blood and faith, had a peculiar power of observing our ecclesiastical phenomena dispassionately, long ago described a case of development not unlike that of the Vicar of St. Ursula's.

Lovers of "Lothair" will remember the transformation which befell Mrs. Putney Giles's brother—the Rev. Dionysius Smylie—with his Hebrew scholarship at Trinity College, Dublin, and his Protestant commentary on the Apocalypse, after he had been appointed to one of Lothair's livings. "The Doctrine of Evolution," wrote Lord Beaconsfield, "affords no instances so striking as those of sacerdotal development. Placed under the favoring conditions of climate and soil, the real character of the Rev. Dionysius Smylie gradually but powerfully developed it-

self. Where he now ministered, he was attended by acolytes and incensed by thurifers. The shoulders of a fellow-countryman were alone equal to the burden of the enormous cross which preceded him; while his ecclesiastical wardrobe furnished him with many-colored garments suited to every season of the year and every festival of the Church.

"At first there was indignation, and rumors of prophecies that we should soon have another case of perversion, and that Mr. Smylie was 'going over to Rome'; but these superficial commentators misapprehended the vigorous vanity of the man. 'Rome may come to me,' said Mr. Smylie, 'and it is perhaps the best thing she could do. This is the real Church without Romish error.'" The description was written more than thirty years ago; but the type described is still to be found within the precincts of our admirable Establishment; and, at least, in some respects, it is illustrated in the person of our Vicar. I do not share the apprehension that Mr. Soulsby will "go over;" but if I had any such fears, my reliance would be on Mrs. Soulsby.

I heard the Bishop of Chichester at the Church Congress declare that England demands a married clergy; and if this be so, England certainly gets what she demands. I have heard Archdeacon Buggins, when preaching for the Queen Victoria Clergy Sustentation Fund, wax eloquent over the "sanctifying influences which the Divine Ordinance of Marriage sheds over the married priesthood." And among those influences not the least important is the restraining power which a clergyman's wife can exercise over a husband "tempted else to rove" in a Romeward direction. Mrs. Soulsby has presided for ten years over the ecclesiastical life of Stuccovia. She has organized bazaars, directed District Visitors and suggested subjects for sermons. She

has been a leading official of the "Girls' Friendly Society," and a familiar figure on the lawns of Fulham and Lambeth. If I know her she is not the woman to be dethroned without a protest. The late Dr Littledale once wrote some "Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome." If Mr. Soulsby were to confide any Romeward inclination to the ear of his Egeria, I fancy he would have to encounter some "reasons" against such a course, even plainer than Dr. Littledale's.

Until this winter my Selina has always been in the very thick of all parochial activities. But now, when there is so much subdued excitement in the air, I find to my surprise that she is taking no part in the "Home-Reading Circle." Bridge occupies a good deal of her time, and she is exemplary in chaperoning her sister. But a new interest has entered into her life, more engrossing than either chaperonage or Bridge; and this new interest is Health.

Lord Lytton, who was fond of oracular sentences, once pronounced that "Money is Character." It might be at least as wisely said that Health is Occupation. Once let the subject of Health take firm possession of the mind, and no other occupation is necessary or even possible. It claims all day and night for its own. Systems of drainage and rules of diet; hygienic clothing and boiled milk; prophylactics against every physical ailment and prescriptions for every mental emotion, occupy our working hours. Hot water cheers our meals; gymnastic contortions take the place of exercise. A hop-pillow, a cup of *consommé* and a teaspoonful of bromide minister to our nightly needs, "till the flood of morning rays wakes us to" cocoa and a plasmon biscuit.

Into this new and exciting career Selina has plunged with characteristic vigor. I stated in the early autumn that she had been a good deal over-

wrought by the exertions of the season. She was "run down," and was unluckily deprived of that inexpensive month at Harrogate, on which in previous autumns she had so much relished. The experiment of spending August and September in London was not altogether a success. She cannot shake off a feeling of lassitude, and reminds me with cruel frequency that men who manage their affairs properly can generally contrive to take their wives to Homberg or Marienbad. The present state of our finances rendering those jaunts impossible, Selina has betaken herself, rather ungraciously, to such methods of relief as lie within our more immediate reach. In plain words, she has taken to quacking herself violently; and I confess that I feared some collision with our excellent friend Dr. Snuffin, whose treatment has been rather roughly pushed on one side. But Snuffin, who inherits all the courtly tact of his eminent grandfather, Sir Tumley, and knows the length of Selina's foot pretty well, assures her that very likely she understands her own case best; and quietly awaits the day when she will return in penitence to the paths of allopathic orthodoxy. Meanwhile we ring the changes on various systems, "ancillary," as Snuffin says, "to science; unauthorized indeed, but not hostile." Last summer we had a brief period of devotion to the lady who taught Swedish gymnastics. When we could hear her for nothing in Mrs. Soulsby's drawing-room, it was all very well; but when it came to ten guineas for a course, the case wore a different complexion.

"It's all very well for her to lay down the law about standing properly! I am sure she looked as stiff as if she had swallowed the poker. And as to her waist, which Robert admired so, I believe she was laced so tight she could hardly breathe. Never tell us that such tortures are good for one's health.

I only wonder that Mrs. Soulsby can encourage such imposture."

Gymnastics being discarded, we have fallen back on new and strange drugs. "For my own part," says Mrs. Barrington-Bounderley, who always knows the last cry, "there are only two drugs that I believe in—gold and granite." But as Selina justly remarks, the one sounds so very expensive, and the other even too strengthening. "I don't believe I want those violent tonics. Indeed, I am always better without any drugs at all. I believe immensely in diet. After all, the blood is the life." This led to a brief trial of the "Salisbury system." The day began with a cup of coffee, in which a dash of Price's glycerine was occasionally substituted for sugar as a treat. Hecatombs of oxen were swallowed in the form of minced beef, and our boiler barely contained the oceans of hot water with which the beef was washed down. But this system of diet

soon became monotonous, and has been rejected in favor of Grape-nut Food, which for the moment carries all before it. Selina is not one of those selfish souls who, when they have received a benefit, can keep it to themselves. She desires to see it in widest commonality spread among her kinsfolk and acquaintances. "I believe Grapenuts would be the making of you, Robert. They are so much more digestible than oysters and caviare and curried lobster and all those horrid strong-tasting things which you devour. After one of your heavy dinners, you snore in your armchair till I expect to see you go off in an apoplectic fit before my eyes. Now if you would only dine on grape-nuts, and sit for three minutes after dinner in a hip-bath of cold water, you would feel a different being—and perhaps you wouldn't be obliged to have your waistcoats enlarged every six months."

The Cornhill Magazine.

OLD MR. JELLICOE'S PLAN.

BY W. E. CULZE.

III.

There was nothing formidable in the Ogre's chamber. It was a large, warm room facing south, with shaded windows. Nor was there anything formidable in the Ogre himself, who lay in one of the window recesses in a reclining-chair heaped with cushions and pillows.

Forster stood irresolute for a few moments, for there was nothing to break the discomfort of the meeting. Then he moved forward, perceiving that the invalid was looking at him closely. For the second time that day he felt he was

being weighed in the balances of a wise man's judgment.

"Come and sit down," said Harvey Jellicoe suddenly.

The discomfort passed, in a measure. Forster found a chair and drew it nearer, forming some impression as he did so of the man who had spoken. He was a very old man and very frail, with bitterness and disappointment written in every line of his aged face. The features were keen and drawn, and the skin was of an ashen complexion; but the old man's eyes had lost none of their life and quickness. He would be able to read and judge to the

very last. The impression of frailty was accentuated by the fact of his deformity, ill-concealed by the pillows which had been placed about him. Harvey Jellicoe was almost a hunchback.

There was silence while Forster seated himself, and he was the first to break it:

"I am sorry to find you ill, sir," he said gently.

"Are you?" asked Harvey Jellicoe almost grimly. "You have no cause to be sorry."

As he spoke he looked his visitor in the face, possibly to note the effect of the retort. "There—there," he added immediately, "you must excuse me. Illness makes me irritable; but we need not quarrel. You are very much—very much like your father."

The change of subject was startling, and Forster did not meet it readily. "You are very much like your father," repeated the Ogre, with a return of the first bitterness. "But not so fine a man. Had he been more like you, perhaps"— "Perhaps nothing would have happened," was probably what he meant to imply; but the words went unspoken. The managing clerk, sitting on the edge of his chair in visible discomfiture, was a figure to provoke pity rather than insult, and the old man checked himself with evident impatience.

"Well," he said, after a brief pause, "we had better go on. I sent for you, Andrew Forster, in order to see if you were as much like your father as I fancied you to be. I am sorry to say that you are; but that is no surprise. I understand that you are a poor man?"

Here was a plain question which could be answered plainly, and Forster felt relieved. "I suppose I am poor," he said. "I receive a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year."

Harvey Jellicoe smiled. "Poor enough! Well, what did you think when I sent

for you? Did you feel particularly hopeful?"

This was an ogre indeed! Forster felt that his face burned, and knew that those keen eyes were reading, as in an open book, the whole story of his hopes and visions. Yet he answered truthfully:

"I do not know what you would call particular hopefulness, sir. But I must say that I felt some hope. Perhaps it was only natural."

This nervous reply seemed to give the old man cause for reflection. He turned his eyes towards the window and looked out upon the expanse of Haynby Park. When he spoke again it was in a less bitter and cynical tone.

"Well, it was natural, no doubt. You will find, I think, that you were justified, too. You know, of course, that my life is over, and that I am forced to settle my affairs. It is my intention to give you a little help."

A little help! Andrew Forster's pulses quickened. A little would be enough!

"Do not expect much," continued the sick man. "No one bearing your name should dare to expect much from me. Indeed, only a year ago this would have been utterly impossible; but since I have been laid here I have learned, perhaps, to be foolish. I have remembered that though you are Paul Forster's son you are also the son of my sister."

The keen eyes quitted Forster's face once more, as though their owner wished to conceal any expression which that name might have brought into them. He went on more quickly:

"You are aware that I have only two relatives by blood: yourself and Gilbert Jellicoe, the son of my brother. Gilbert Jellicoe is already a rich man and needs nothing. Do you know him?"

"Yes," answered Forster slowly. "I have met him once."

"You have? How was that?"

Forster answered with difficulty, for the memory was anything but agreeable.

"There was a secretaryship vacant," he said, "in connection with a London company, and I happened to hear of it. It was necessary that the person appointed should be acquainted with the law. I found that Gilbert Jellicoe was one of the directors, and went to see him. With his support I could have obtained that post without trouble; but he refused to give his support."

"Indeed?" said the Ogre, with a flash of interest. "Why?"

"He said," replied the managing clerk, "that he dared not assist the son of Paul Forster to any position of trust."

There was an uncomfortable pause.

"Did he?" said the Ogre then, with a sudden return of his bitter manner. "Gilbert was always a careful man! But that incident will make my proposal still more interesting to you."

He raised himself slightly, as though to speak with greater ease. "Listen, then," he began, as soon as he was settled, "and I will explain. After a great deal of foolish thought, I decided at last that I must consider both of my relatives; but I also decided that I would not show undue favor to either of them, and that my consideration should take a curious form. I resolved, in fact, that I would leave a certain sum divided between you and Gilbert, but not divided equally. This sum would produce a total income of one thousand and fifty pounds a year; and of this, one of you should receive the thousand, and the other the fifty. I also decided that chance should settle between you as to who should take the larger sum and who the smaller."

This utterance was so extraordinary that Forster could not conceal his bewilderment. The watchful eyes of the old man perceived it.

"You are amazed?" he said. "That

is perfectly natural. This is a plan of mine, which you may call a freak, if you please. I call it an experiment, or an object-lesson."

"An object-lesson?" echoed Forster.

"Yes. Not an object-lesson for me, but for those who should be left to see it. By giving chance the decision, I should be allowing her to select the worthier man for the greater gift. According to the general opinion, you would be the person to whom the larger sum, in strict poetic justice, should fall; but from what I have seen of life I felt pretty sure that it would go the other way. That would be an object-lesson for the witnesses."

The old man smiled as he spoke, but the smile was not a pleasant one. It was plain that his humor was of a decidedly cynical cast always. Forster, however, made no answer, for a moment's reflection showed him that surprise was out of place here. He had been warned to expect eccentricity, and he was getting it. This was evidently the idea of an embittered imagination.

After a short pause Harvey Jellicoe went on. He spoke in level tones, as one who chooses every word:

"My plan was this. I had two wills drawn up, dated the same day. Even Lowden, who drafted them, and the witnesses, who signed their names, do not know which of the two received my signature last; nay, I do not even know myself. The two documents are absolutely identical in all respects but one. One of them gives a thousand pounds a year to Gilbert Jellicoe, and fifty to you; the other gives your cousin the fifty and yourself the thousand.

"On the day of my burial, after the ceremony, you would meet in the library here: yourself and Gilbert, with Lowden, and certain other persons selected by myself. On my writing-table you would find two packets, one sealed with red wax and one with blue.

These packets would contain the documents I have described. As you are the poorer man I decided that you should have one privilege; you should be the person to select the packet to be opened; but before opening it, Lowden would destroy the other packet in the presence of all the witnesses, so that there could be no going back; and the packet you had selected should be regarded as my sole Will and Testament. Is my meaning quite clear to you?"

"It is quite clear," answered Forster slowly.

"Of course you think it all very extraordinary," said Harvey Jellicoe; "but it is a fancy of my own. Eccentricity, you know, is a sick man's privilege. That was the plan which I formed, and to a certain extent I have carried it out. On finding that both yourself and Gilbert were in health, and able to be here at any time, I selected my witnesses and told them the particulars. They have all agreed to be here, and to see the matter through. In that respect, as it turns out, I have been rather too hasty; for, after arranging it so far, I have again changed my mind."

He paused and seemed to be considering. Forster waited, wondering what this change might be. To a certain extent he was excited by what had been said. A thousand a year—a chance of a thousand a year! Yet he tried to remember that it was only a chance.

"I have again changed my mind," repeated Harvey Jellicoe, still without looking up. "During the last few days I have been troubled, I suppose, and I have grown more foolish. You require this thousand a year more than Jellicoe does, and I have decided that you shall have it. But the plan must still be carried out, for the people I have spoken to are deeply interested in it in more senses than one; and by them at least I intend to be regarded as a man of my

word to the last. Indeed there is no need to disappoint them, for we can arrange things without. In short, I ensure your receiving the thousand a year by telling you which of the packets to choose when the time comes."

There was a longer pause now. If Forster had been a man of quick intelligence, if he had been able to comprehend a situation at a glance, he might have used that pause for a protest which would have saved him great trouble in the days to come; but he was not quick, he was not far-sighted, and the opportunity fled. Indeed, he saw and understood only one thing—that he was to have the wealth of Crœsus—one thousand pounds a year! It was to be no chance but a certainty.

"So you see," continued Harvey Jellicoe grimly, "I have given up my object-lesson and my experiment, and have taken your legacy out of the region of chance altogether. You will choose on that day, the packet which bears *the blue seal*."

"You will choose on that day the packet which bears *the blue seal*." So it was told. The managing clerk's plain and commonplace face, always colorless, was now flushed and glowing. He tried to stammer something, perhaps a word of thanks, a sentence full of surprise and gratitude; but the Ogre—yet who would have called him an Ogre just then?—went on:

"That is all the difference. You will choose the packet with the blue seal, and you will receive your legacy. I give you this because you are a poor man, and because you are my sister's son. I may say that I also give it because I have learned that you have never shown any inclination to your father's weaknesses. You have always been an honest man, and will know what to do with your money. Be careful that you do not forget—the blue seal!"

Who could have forgotten? Certain-

ly not the man who sat there beside the invalid, with the face of Mary Benning before his eyes. The blue seal!

"This, of course," concluded Harvey Jellicoe, "is between ourselves and Lowden, who is a man to be trusted. Otherwise, my plan would be marred."

With that he sank back among his pillows, apparently exhausted by the effort he had made. A moment later he turned his eyes to see how Forster had received his gift.

But the last words had changed everything. As soon as they had been spoken, Forster saw what he should have seen earlier, and the rosy colors of the prospect faded suddenly. He had no need now to wait and consider, for one conviction had come prominently forward. Its effect was chilling.

"But," he stammered, thrusting aside a swift temptation to silence—"but in that case Gilbert Jellicoe will be deceived—and the others. It will be a kind of—" He stopped in confusion.

Harvey Jellicoe's face exhibited surprise. "A kind of what?" he asked with curiosity.

"A—a kind of deception," said Andrew Forster. For the first time during the interview a little color crept into the old man's ashen face; but if it came from an impulse of anger he restrained the feeling at once. He seemed to reflect.

"Well," he said quietly. "I suppose one could look at it in that way. What of that?"

It was difficult to speak; but Forster was encouraged by his manner. "Only this," he said, with manifest diffidence. "I—I should not like to be a party to it, in that case. Wouldn't it be possible to—to find some other way?"

Then Harvey Jellicoe stirred upon his pillows. The color returned to his face, and his eyes darkened. For a moment or two he seemed to be divided between anger and amazement.

"What do you mean?" he inquired harshly. "Find some other way? Do you mean to dictate to me?"

The managing clerk, who after all was only a managing clerk, seemed at first to regret that he had spoken. He looked alarmed and drew back a little.

"Whatever Paul Foster was," continued the Ogre, "he was not a fool; and I am surprised to find a fool in his son. If there is a deception at all it is mine, not yours."

He waited for another word; but it did not come. Forster sat still, with his eyes bent to the floor and his face pale. His silence seemed to appease the Ogre.

"There," he said in a quieter way—"there; that is enough. You can leave me now and bear in mind what I have said. The blue seal will be the one. For the rest, Lowden will write to you when the time comes."

Forster rose to his feet, but did not at once turn towards the door. He had a question to ask and summoned the courage to ask it. Never before had he felt so keenly his lack of words, his awkwardness and his want of tact.

"I—I will think over it," he said nervously. "But—but what if I do not care for it then?"

Harvey Jellicoe looked him up and down in mingled contempt and amusement. The pause before he replied was an ominous one.

"In that case," he said, "you will get neither the thousand nor the fifty. I am glad that you have warned me, and I will provide for it. Good Heaven, sir! who are you to talk of scruples—the son of Paul Forster?"

Forster shrank from the words and from the contemptuous wonder which emphasized them.

"Go," said Harvey Jellicoe. "Go at once. But I am a man of my word, and my offer shall stand. Go, and send Lowden here."

There was no word of farewell be-

tween the parties to that extraordinary interview. Forster moved to the door, his features pale, his lips set. There he turned as if to speak; but the old man was looking in the other direction, out through the window of the great Park. He opened the door silently and passed out.

Down the corridor to the hall he went with quickened tread, in growing agitation, and through the hall to the entrance. There his carriage was waiting, still and shabby in the sunny afternoon. Mr. Lowden was sitting on the terrace, and looked up sharply at the sound of footsteps.

"He wishes to see you," said Forster briefly.

"Ha! thank you," said the solicitor, rising at once. "Are you returning now? You can take this cab if you like."

This did not take a moment to arrange. Forster was only too glad to leave the place alone, and drew a breath of relief when he found himself rolling away down through the avenue. Lowden shook his hand warmly at parting; but nothing was said with regard to the interview.

In about half an hour he was at the railway station, with a considerable amount of time at his disposal for thought and consideration. By that

time Harvey Jellicoe's business with Mr. Lowden was just coming to a conclusion.

"Then you feel that he won't refuse?" said the solicitor, rising from the chair which Forster had previously occupied.

"No," replied the old man slowly. "He won't refuse. Getting at a man's true character, Lowden, is like digging for water. You have certain strata to go through—principles, sentiments, religion, and what not; but if you have the power to go on digging, you'll get to the rock at last—bottom rock, the man's self, naked and greedy. A thousand a year would find bottom in most men, I fancy. Besides, the fellow owes Gilbert a bad turn!"

The solicitor made no reply. The Ogre's cynical views were quite familiar to him.

"So," continued Harvey Jellicoe, "we shall not be troubled with any nonsense; and he shall have his thousand a year, Lowden, because he is Alice's son. If I have to do any thinking on the other side, I do not wish to think of her boy as a life-long drudge. That will do, Lowden."

Thus briefly dismissed, Mr. Lowden left the room, and soon afterwards took his departure from the Castle.

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

MARRIAGE AND MODERN CIVILIZATION.

When I was an undergraduate at Cambridge it was my good fortune to attend the lectures of the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson (then Regius Professor of Greek), on some of the Platonic Dialogues. And I remember well certain remarks of his, in his usual vein of cultured irony, about the

great benefit which the world might derive from a return to the Socratic method of search for accurate definition. "Probably one-half of the most important words employed in the newspapers or in Parliament," he observed, "are question-begging; they are words without knowledge, serving merely to

darken counsel. If you want to arrive at intelligible issues—not to say conclusions—in any discussion," he added, "begin by settling the meaning of the chief terms you are going to use." I intend to follow this advice upon the present occasion. By civilization, then, I understand that ordered social state which rests upon the exercise of the faculty proper to man, and which is man's *natural* state. For man is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago, "a political animal." He is found only in civil society. The extra-social man of Rousseau's speculations is fabulous. Such a being—to quote Aristotle again—would be either a wild beast or a god. The phrase "civilized man" is just as much a pleonasm as the phrase "free will." The endowment of will implies some amount of freedom, however limited and conditioned. And man, as we know him in the present, and as history reveals him in the past, is found only in civil society, which implies some degree—a very low degree, it may be—of civilization. Man is a gregarious animal. In living in community we merely obey a law of our being, just as bees and ants do. Human society is marked off from the societies of bees and ants by this—that it always is, and must be civilized, and that they never are or can be.

That is the impassable gulf between aggregations of human and of other animals. What is the cause of it? The cause resides in the essential difference between man and other animals. Which difference I hold to be that while other animals possess, in common with us, sensuous experience, and a power of associating that experience by an exercise of memory and of expectant imagination, they do not attain to intellect, and are still further re-

¹ "Is." Whether our race has always exercised the faculty of reason is a large question, which I do not here discuss. Kant thought not. He was of opinion that "man was not always

moved from the apprehension of general concepts, abstract ideas, universals, which is the special characteristic of reason and the distinctive attribute of man. Man, and man alone, is¹ *animal rationale*. Here, risking the reproach of dogmatism, I must confine myself to stating what I hold on this subject. But I may be permitted to refer any of my readers desiring to know the grounds upon which I hold it, to the second chapter of my "First Principles in Politics." My point is that, as a matter of fact, the lower animals live under the law of instinct only, and exhibit no capacity for a higher law; while men live not only under the law of instinct, but also under the law of reason, which means civilization. It is on rational thought, represented by verbal language, that civilization rests.

And therefore, as it appears to me, there are no human communities, however simple their polity, however rude their industrial arts, however inchoate their ethics, which can properly be described as uncivilized. When some one spoke of the Zulus—it was just after Dr. Colenso had published his Pentateuchal speculations—as uncivilized, Lord Beaconsfield protested, "No, no, don't call them uncivilized; they defeat our generals, they outwit our diplomats and they convert our bishops." The endowments by virtue of which the Zulus performed those feats are possessed, in greater or less degree, by every nation, tribe and people; and they are the outcome of that faculty of reason wherein man consists.

So much as to the word "civilization." But the word "modern" also requires a little consideration. The late Pope Pius IX, in his famous "Syllabus," a document foolishly vaunted by his

animal rationale, but was once merely animal rationabile, possessing the germ whence reason developed."

adulators as immortal, and, with equal unreason, vilified by his adversaries as immoral, noted as an error the proposition that the Roman Pontiff should come to terms with "modern civilization" (*recens civilitas*). What Pius IX meant by "modern" in that Index Rationné to his condemnations, I do not know, as I have not read the Allocution from which it is taken. But I am quite sure that he did not attach to the word the sense that it here bears. I mean by "modern" conterminous with the Christian Era, and by "modern civilization" that ordering of society in the Western world which arose under the influence of Christianity, and into which we have been born. This civilization differs in very important respects from the other civilizations which the world has known, because its root idea is different. Of course it is not identical with Christianity, and never has been. But, unquestionably, it was largely made and moulded by Christianity. The Christian ethos was, to borrow an Evangelical similitude, the leaven which, more than anything else, wrought a great transformation—we might say a moral revolution—in that old Roman world into which it was cast, and produced the most distinctive endowments of the new society. But every moral revolution which has taken place in the world, and which has changed it, for better or for worse, is the manifestation of an idea. What is the idea peculiar to modern civilization?

Hegel replies that it is the idea of human personality. "Entire quarters of the globe," he tells us, "Africa and the East, have never had and do not now possess, this idea. The Greeks and Romans, Plato and Aristotle and the Stoics had it not. It came into the world through Christ." Whether or no we may go so far as this, certain it is that in modern civilization personality bears a new significance, which is derived from Christianity. "A person

is a man endowed with a civil status" (*civili statu præditus*) was the definition of Latin jurisprudence. And this was the conception of personality which Christianity found in the Roman Empire, and transformed. Far other was its teaching as to personality. Christianity revealed human nature to itself, exhibiting man as self-conscious, self-determined, morally responsible; as by his very nature invested with rights inalienable and imprescriptible, and encompassed with correlative duties; as lord of himself in the sacred domain of conscience and accountable there only to Him whose perpetual witness conscience is. This was in fact a new principle of individuality. The individual of the later Roman jurisprudence was the citizen, just as the individual among the Germanic invaders of the decadent Empire was the member of the tribe. Slaves were regarded as mere things. Christianity vindicated the moral and spiritual freedom of men as men, proclaimed their universal brotherhood, and insisted that before their Creator and Judge, rich and poor, bond and free, meet together in the essential equivalence of human personality. Victor Hugo's picturesque saying is literally true—truer even than he realized: "The first Tree of Liberty was that Cross on which Jesus Christ offered Himself in sacrifice for the liberty, equality and fraternity of mankind."

So much as to the root idea of modern civilization; the idea differentiating it from all other civilizations; the idea of human personality. "Tu homo, tantum nomen si te scias" ("How great, O man, is the name thou bearest, if thou only knewest!") said St. Augustine. But by this revelation of the dignity of human nature—I might say the sanctity, *homo res sacra homini*—the weaker half of humanity benefited far more than the stronger half. The proclamation of the spiritual equality of

woman with man in the new order—"In Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female"—notwithstanding her natural subjection to him economically, brought about what may well appear the most wonderful part of the great change due to the influence of Christianity. The estate of woman in the Roman Empire has been pithily expressed by one of the most recent, and not the least authoritative of its historians. "She was degraded in her social condition," writes Merivale, "because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration, again, sank lower and lower precisely because her social condition was so degraded." Among the Jews—and we must never forget that Christianity first came before the world as a Jewish sect—her place was no higher; indeed, it was lower. Divorce was practised by the Hebrews to an extent unknown even in the lowest decadence of imperial Rome. The text in Deuteronomy authorizing a man to put away his wife if he found in her some blemish (*aliquam fæditatem*, as the Vulgate has it) was interpreted most liberally by the Rabbis. Any cause of offence was sufficient, according to Hillel; for example, If a woman let the broth burn; and Akiva lays it down that a man might give his wife a bill of divorce if he could find a better-looking spouse. Polygamy, too, was at the least tolerated, if it was not largely practised; indeed, it still survives among the Jews of the East, and did not disappear among those dwelling in the West until the prohibitory law of Rabbi Gershom ben Jehudah was passed in the Synod of Worms (A.D. 1020).

But Christianity did more than merely vindicate the personality of woman. It protected her personality by what a learned writer has well called "the new creation of marriage." There are few things in history more astonishing

—we may say, in the strictest sense, miraculous—than the fact, for fact it is, that a few words spoken in Syria two thousand years ago by a Jewish peasant, "despised and rejected of men," brought about this vast change, which has wrought so much to purify and enoble modern civilization; surely an emphatic testimony to the truth of the Evangelist's assertion: "He knew what was in man." De Wette remarks, with his usual judiciousness: "Christ grounds wedlock on the original interdependence ('Zusammengehörigkeit') of the two sexes, established by God, and lays it down that as one cannot exist without the other, the inseparability of their union should follow. This union is, indeed, the work of man; but it takes place, and ever should take place, through an inner tendency ('Drang'), proceeding from the original interdependence of the sexes, through love. The separation, on the other hand, . . . [of those who thus come together] takes place through human arbitrariness ('Willkür'), or through lusts and passions, which unfairly or inconsistently annul what was ordained in conformity with the original law of Nature" ("was dem ursprünglichen Naturgesetze gemäss gestiftet war").

This is the Magna Charta of woman in modern civilization; this lifelong union of two equal personalities; this gift of one woman to one man as *adjutorium simile sibi*, a helplike unto him—"not like to like but like to difference;" a union, a gift, consecrated by religion and made holy matrimony. But, I may observe, in passing, Christianity did even more than this to secure the position of feminine humanity in that new order of society which it was to mould. Soon —how soon the Catacombs bear witness—the type of womanhood idealized in the Virgin Mother assumed a prominent place in the devotions of the faithful; and as this idea germinated in the Christian consciousness, Mary received

a worship inferior only to that offered to her Son. The conception presented by the Madonna would have been foolishness to the antique Greeks, and Romans too. It was a stumbling block to the Jews, contemptuous of the daughters of her who figures so poorly in the account received by them "of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." The Christian Church, from the earliest times, delighted to think of Mary as the second Eve, who had undone the work of the first, and had brought life instead of death into the world, *mutans Eva non-men;* changing the name of the temptress into the "Ave" of the angelic salutation. And when a thousand years had passed away, and chivalry arose, the "all but adoring love" of Christians for her powerfully stimulated the quasi-religious veneration paid in the Middle Ages to the graces of feminine nature, a veneration which, striking a note before unheard in the world, has inspired the highest poetry of modern civilization. Such was the influence exercised on the place of her sex in the new order of society by "the Mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope." "Born of a woman" is the true account of the modern home, with its refined and elevating influences. That is the characteristic specialty marking off the Christian family from the other families of the earth. It is founded on woman, not on man.

We must, however, remember that the conception of matrimony, which was so powerfully to affect modern civilization—for that is my immediate theme—was not fully and firmly established for centuries. Lotze excellently observes: "The relation of Christianity

towards the external condition of mankind was not that of a disturbing and subversive force. But it deprived evil of all justification for permanent continuance . . . when the spirit of Christian faith made itself felt in the relations of life." The Church at the beginning accepted, generally, the marriage customs prevailing in the Roman Empire. The Christian bride, like her pagan sisters, wore the long white robe with the purple fringe, the yellow veil, the girdle which the bridegroom was to unloose. The ring, the coronation—still retained in the Eastern Church—the joining of hands, continued to beautify the nuptial rite for the votaries of the new faith. But for them it was hallowed by a prayer of benediction, offered by a bishop or priest; and, sometimes, by the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Again, the Church, like the Roman legists, recognizes the essence of marriage as residing in the free consent of the man and woman contracting it. But from the first she regarded it as something more than a contract—as a state of life divinely ordained for ends of the natural order, but hallowed by a supernatural significance into an august mystery of religion. And therefore she utterly rejected the view which she found prevalent in the Roman Empire, that, as it had been contracted by mutual consent, so by mutual consent it might be dissolved. From the first she insisted upon its permanency as well as upon its unity.² So much is absolutely certain. But was it possible for this sacrosanct bond to be dissolved in its essential character? It is quite clear that the early Church never held as lawful the remarriage of either husband or wife

² And a second marriage, after the death of either, was regarded with much disfavor, as it still is in the Greek Church. Athenagoras calls it "a decent adultery;" Clement of Alexandria, "fornication." St. Gregory Nazianzen, while conceding to the digamist "pardon and indulgence," terms a third marriage "iniquity."

and pronounces that he who exceeds that number is "manifestly beastly." St. Jerome allows that those who contract more than one marriage may remain in the Church, but on sufferance only, and likens them to the unclean beasts in Noah's ark.

during the lifetime of either, if separated for any other cause than adultery. It is equally clear that on the question whether, if adultery did invalidate the bond, both the innocent and the guilty party, or either of them, might remarry, the Church gave no certain sound for long centuries. The balance of authority among her weightiest teachers is against all such remarriage. But they are divided in opinion; nay, some of the greatest of them waver in their judgment, inclining now to one side, now to the other. Gradually the loftier and sterner view of the Christian concept was apprehended in the West, and maintained by the Roman Pontiffs,^{*} though not till the opening Middle Ages was the absolute indissolubility of marriage, when once rightly contracted, save by the death of one of the contracting parties, firmly established in the canon law. It is the doctrine set forth by Gratian, whose "Decretum" (A.D. 1140), a work of supreme authority, is the basis of the "Corpus Juris Canonici;" and from his time to our own it has been universally accepted throughout the Catholic Church. In the Greek Church it has never been accepted at all. Consensual divorce, indeed, the Eastern patriarchs and bishops always opposed. And their opposition resulted in its prohibition from the beginning of the tenth century. But with this exception, marriage among the Greek Christians, from the time of Justinian, has always been almost as easily dissoluble as among the pagans of decadent Rome. And so it is still. A wife may be divorced not only for adultery, but "for sharing the repasts of strange men, or visiting the baths in their company;" "for attending the circus or the

theatre without her husband's knowledge or against his command;" "for spending a night away from the conjugal dwelling, save in her parents' house, without his permission." Her facilities for divorcing her husband are much less ample. It is notable that in the Greek Church a married man's intercourse with an unmarried woman is not accounted adultery, a view which admits, indeed, of plausible defence. Another peculiarity of that Church, more notable still, is its regarding sponsorship as a dissolvent of matrimony. A husband or wife desiring divorce, has only to stand as godparent to one of their children. This mode of cancelling the nuptial bond is much in favor.

Nothing has been more strongly marked during the last fourteen centuries of the Christian era than the difference of ethos between the Christians of the Roman and of the Eastern Patriarchates. In the Greek Empire civilization was from the first stationary or decadent. There was no advance in aesthetics, in literature, in industrial inventions, in social conditions; there was rather retrogression. Meanness and mediocrity are stamped on public and private life. Hardly a trace can be found of the robuster virtues, or even of the robuster vices. The women least open to reproach have the minds of courtesans; the men at their best have the merits of *castrati*. The triumph of the Ottoman invaders was due as much to internal decay as to external defencelessness. Far otherwise was it in that Christendom which the Roman Pontiffs created and nurtured, and which the teaching of the Latin Church informed. There we find a progressive energy, a vital and sper-

* Even so late as A. D. 726 Pope Gregory the Second, in a letter to St. Boniface, while recommending that a man whose wife's health forbade conjugal intercourse should not marry again, left him free to do so, provided he maintained her. Gratian remarks that this concession "is alto-

gether opposed to the sacred canons; nay, even to the Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine." It is certainly opposed to the view taken by all Gregory's successors in the Roman See, and, so far as we know, by all his predecessors.

matic force, whence resulted the masterpieces of poetry and art, the progress in the physical sciences and the amelioration of political institutions, which are the special glory of modern Europe. The great note of Western society in the Middle Ages is precisely that which is wanting in Byzantine—it is virility. Montalembert is well warranted when he writes: "In public life, as in private, what is manifested above all things is vigor, is magnanimity; great characters, great individualities abound. This—we shall do well to note it—is the true, the incontestible excellence of the Middle Ages, that it was an epoch fruitful in men: *magna parens virum.*" Such was the manifest superiority of Western civilization over Eastern. And who can doubt that one main cause of this—I do not say the sole cause—was the higher position which women occupied in the West, a position unquestionably resting on the indissolubility of marriage? It is a true saying that a man is formed at the knees of his mother. The kind of men found in a civilization depends upon the kind of women found in it. The ethos of society—what Burke called "the moral basis"—is determined by women. And their goodness or badness, as our very language bears witness, depends upon their purity. That is the root of all feminine virtues, and the source of a people's genuine greatness. Renan's saying is so true as to be almost a truism: "La force d'une nation c'est la pudeur de ses femmes."

* It cannot be too emphatically stated that in the Catholic Church divorce, in the modern sense of the word—the dissolution of the marriage bond—is never granted, and is never recognized. The common phrase, "the divorce of Henry the Eighth," has given rise to much popular misapprehension. It was not a divorce, as the term is now understood, but a declaration of nullity, which Henry the Eighth sought, and the Holy See refused. Among the many mistakes disfiguring the recent "Report on Divorce" of the Convocation of York, one of the least venial is the statement, "A few

And the great bulwark of woman's chastity is the absolute character of matrimony.

We owe, then, to the severe teaching of the Catholic Church that institution of indissoluble monogamy which, more than anything else, marks off our modern civilization from all other civilizations. It is matter of history, over which we need not linger, how unflinchingly the Catholic Church⁴ has upheld the integrity of that institution throughout the ages. Nor need we examine the arguments adduced by her divines in support of it. I may, however, make an observation on the criticism to which one of those arguments is manifestly open. Theological writers when maintaining that indissoluble monogamy is divinely instituted—and surely with reason, for it issues from the divinely ordained nature of things in their ethical relations—have been confronted with the obvious difficulty presented by the practice of Hebrew patriarchs and kings, of acknowledged sanctity, with whom they claimed solidarity. Their favorite expedient for meeting this difficulty is the hypothesis that a Divine dispensation for polygamy was granted to the human race from the time of the flood associated with that familiar figure of our childhood, the Noachian ark, and was revoked by Christ. It is objected that they do not disclose the manner in which this stupendous indulgence was proclaimed to mankind, or explain why knowledge of its summary cancellation

years ago Lady Mary Hamilton was divorced by the Cardinals of Rome from the Prince of Monaco." What Lady Mary Hamilton obtained, not from "the Cardinals of Rome," but from Leo the Thirteenth, after full judicial investigation, was a sentence of the nullity of her marriage with the Prince of Monaco, on the ground that it had not been freely contracted by her. Metus—even the reverential fear of a child for a parent—invalidates the nuptial contract, the essence of which is the perfectly free consent of the contracting parties.

was withheld from the countless millions affected thereby. The objectors do not understand that theological fictions, like legal, have their proper office in certain stages of social evolution, as necessary stepping-stones on which our race rises to higher things.

But, as a matter of fact, the institution of marriage in our modern civilization rests not on argument but on authority. The nations to which the Catholic Church taught the doctrines of Christ did not heckle their teacher; they received her as the prophet of God and believed her on her bare word. The great religious revolution of the sixteenth century is congruously termed Protestantism. Its initiators differed widely upon a great many matters. But Henry the Eighth and Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, Knox and Münzer, however varying their private judgments in things theological, were all agreed in protesting against the authority of the Pope, and in substituting for it their own. And when the authority of the Apostolic See was cast off, much of the doctrine and discipline which it upheld was mutilated. The doctrine and discipline of marriage did not escape this fate. In England, indeed, though the schism arose from the refusal of the Sovereign Pontiff to prostitute Christian matrimony to the lust of a tyrant, the institution itself was left intact.⁵ This, it may be observed in passing, was by no means due to Cranmer. His own history, perhaps, sufficiently explains his aversion from the Catholic doctrine of marriage. At all events it was abundantly clear that he was as willing to relax the nuptial bond for the world in general as to cancel it for his master. The legislation on divorce which he proposed to substitute, in the "Reformatio Legum Ecclesiastiarum," for the Catholic law might

have satisfied even Luther, one of the chief notes of whose teaching was the rejection of the old canons of sexual morality, or, as Heine concisely puts it, "the emancipation of the flesh." "A peasant and the son of a peasant"—a German peasant—Luther's mind was unattuned to the lofty ideas of the Catholic religion concerning the virtue of chastity, virginal and marital. His own teaching on that virtue may be found, by those who care to see it, clearly set forth in his famous sermon, "De Matrimonio"—a teaching of which Döllinger justly says that "the natural conscience of a mere pagan would have rejected it with horror." His practice is sufficiently indicated by his "ignominious marriage," as Mozley calls it, by the lubricity of his reported conversation, and by the dispensation for polygamy given by him to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse.

The earlier generations of the Lutheran sect appear to have followed its founder's views concerning the relations of the sexes *haud passibus aquis*. From the first, indeed, it allowed divorce for adultery and malicious desertion, as did also the sect founded by Calvin. But it was not until the eighteenth century that the dissolution of the matrimonial tie was accorded by Protestant consistories for such reasons as "uncongeniality," "irreconcileable enmity," and the like. In fact as Protestantism developed, the pronouncements of its pundits concerning the bond of marriage became ever laxer. Nor was this laxity confined to its more rationalistic forms. Even the greatest of the Puritans, John Milton, in that masterpiece of eloquence, erudition and invective, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce," "pushes the Protestant license," to borrow the phrase of his editor, very far. The position

⁵ In theory, but not in practice. Between the Reformation and the establishment of the Divorce Court (A. D. 1857) many marriages were

dissolved by Act of Parliament, the Anglican bishops not protesting and in some cases expressly consenting.

which he sets himself to establish is "that indisposition, unfitness and contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and that there be mutual consent."

This was, substantially, the position taken by the publicists of the French Revolution—the second Act in that great European drama which opened with the Protestant Reformation. Of course the foulness which they preached in their crusade against Christianity, would have been rejected with horror by Milton's God-fearing soul. Purity they regarded as "a new disease brought into the world by Christ;" modesty as "a virtue fastened on with pins;" holy matrimony as "a superstitious servitude." And their legislation, when they obtained the power to legislate, was the faithful expression of these opinions. Their great "reform" was to reduce marriage to a civil contract, terminable by the consent of the contracting parties. Other grounds of divorce enumerated by their law of 1792 were insanity, desertion, absence, emigration and incompatibility of temper on the allegation of either husband or wife. The measure seems to have been successful beyond the expectation of its authors. During the twenty-seven months following its enactment six thousand marriages were dissolved in Paris alone, and in the year 1797 the divorces actually outnumbered the marriages. Duval, in his "*Souvenirs Thermidoriens*," tells us:—

People divorced one another with the least provocation; nay, they divorced without any provocation, and with no more ado than they would have made for an expedition to gather lilacs in the meadows of Saint Gervais, or to eat cherries at Montmorency. The hus-

band had a mistress, and was tired of his wife; the wife had a lover, and desired nothing better than to be rid of her husband. They informed one another of the state of the case, set out together for the city hall, acquainted the mayor that they could no longer bear each other, and on the same day, or the next, the divorce was granted for incompatibility of temper. And the children—what became of them? What did it matter? The spouses were free from one another; the most important thing was achieved. Moreover, it was not rare, on account of the ease with which marriages could be dissolved, to find couples who had been divorced five or six times in as many months. Occasionally very ludicrous things happened. Once two couples acted after the manner of La Fontaine's "*Troqueurs*," that is to say, they arranged an exchange of husband and wife among themselves; and the two couples were on such good terms that the double wedding breakfast was held at their joint expense.

The Napoleonic Code somewhat curbed this bestiality, and at the restoration the old Catholic marriage legislation was reinstated in France. But the Third Republic has re-enacted divorce by the law of the 27th of July, 1884, carried by the persistent endeavors of M. Naquet, a measure which, though going beyond the corresponding legislation in England, is less licentious than the law of the First Republic.

The French Revolution is the immediate source of a number of sophisms concerning man and society which have worked their way into popular favor throughout Europe during the last century, and now tyrannize as shibboleths. They are, one and all, underlain by that spurious individualism which is of the essence of Rousseau's teaching, and which the Revolution, happily described by Burke as "an armed doctrine," endeavored to translate into fact. The atomism, real or imaginary, of certain unstable tribes in the lowest stages of civilization, was for Rous-

seau the true ideal of the family. It is a false ideal; but it is the ideal which so-called Liberalism has persistently endeavored to realize. There can be no doubt that the attack on the permanency of marriage throughout Europe, which has already been crowned with so much success, is an outcome of this ideal—an ideal essentially anarchic.

When the Divorce Court was established in England, that sagacious publicist, Le Play—whose writings, I fear, are hardly known in this country—saw in it “a symptom of the decline of public morality;” “elle affaiblit,” he observed, “dans l'esprit de la nation le principe de l'ordre supérieur.” But, of course, what has been accomplished here by the opponents of indissoluble marriage, falls far short of their achievements elsewhere. In Germany, “insuperable aversion” is recognized as a ground for divorce; so is “hopeless insanity,” or “malignant inconsistency,” or “quarrelsomeness,” or “a disorderly mode of life,” or “drunkenness,” or “extravagance.” In Sweden, “hatred, ill-will, prodigality, drunkenness, or a violent temper,” suffices. The Protestants of Austria may divorce one another for “violent dislike.” In Switzerland, “marriage relations greatly strained,” are recognized as a valid reason for dissolving the marriage. But in the last-mentioned country a still further “reform” is desired by the party of “progress,” and an appeal by way of referendum, to the “yea and no of general ignorance” is contemplated, with a view of legalizing divorce whenever “a profound disorganization” of such relations occurs.

These are the fruits of the campaign against indissoluble marriage carried on in Europe by those who are called *libres penseurs*. Why they are so called I do not know; for, as a French friend once remarked to me, “Ils ne pensent que peu, et point librement.” But it

is to the United States of America that we must go if we would see divorce fully rampant. The causes for which it is granted vary in the different States, but are summed up in the “Report” of the Convocation of York as follows:—

Adultery is a cause in forty-six States; desertion in forty-four States; disappearance in forty-two; cruelty or fear of violence in forty; imprisonment in thirty-eight; drunkenness, intemperance or habitual intoxication in thirty-seven; impotency in thirty-six; failure to provide in twenty-one; sin before marriage in thirteen; indignities in seven; insanity in five; joining the sect of Mother Lee in three; when divorce has been obtained in another State in three; living apart in two; gross neglect of duty in two; guilty of being a vagrant in two; refusal of wife to move into a State in one; turning wife out of doors in one; habitual violent temper in one; public defamation in one; any other cause deemed sufficient by the courts in one.

The American courts take a very liberal view of cruelty. It appears that they have granted divorce to a petitioning wife on this ground when her husband “did not wash himself, thereby inflicting great mental anguish on her;” when “he accused her sister of stealing, thereby sorely wounding her feelings;” when, “after twenty-seven years of marriage, he said: ‘You are old and worn out; I do not want you any longer;’” when “he would not cut his toe-nails, and she was scratched severely every night;” when “he persisted in the use of tobacco, thereby aggravating sick headaches, to which she was subject.” A petitioning husband, on the other hand, has obtained from them the dissolution of his marriage, for such instances of cruelty as the following: when “his wife pulled him out of bed by the whiskers;” when “she upbraided him, and said: ‘You are no man at all,’ thereby causing him

mental suffering and anguish;" when "she refused to keep his clothes in repair, and even to cook, and never sewed on his buttons;" when "she struck him a violent blow with her bustle."

Before I pass away from the subject of divorce in the United States, I should observe that the degradation of marriage in that country—the most ignoble feature of its somewhat shoddy civilization—is due to the prevalence there of "the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," rather than to the direct influence of the French Revolution. President Woolsey—an unsuspected witness—in his work, "Divorce and Divorce Legislation," testifies: "One thing stands out prominently, and that is that the commonwealth founded by the Puritans, and the parts of the other States settled by their descendants, seem to be the chief abode of divorcees." This is what might have been expected. The Nonconformist conscience, while scandalized by what it foolishly labels "State regulation of vice"—that is, the action of public authority to moderate and mitigate prostitution, and to guard the public health against the maladies propagated thereby—has ever tolerated loose views of the nuptial bond, and has not been shocked by the legislative sanction given to them in the United States. It may be noted in passing, that eighty per cent of the divorce suits in that country are brought by women, who, I suppose, are constitutionally inclined to excesses of individualism and the craving for novelty.

This is the condition into which the institution of marriage has already come in modern civilization. And the causes to which this is due are yet working, and with ever-increasing ac-

tivity. Materialism, disguised and undisguised, is the fashionable philosophy of the day.⁸ It is fatal to the idea of human personality, and, consequently, to the spiritual prerogatives of woman. It means for her, as Dean Merivale has well observed in his striking "Lectures on the Conversion of the Northern Nations," from which I quoted in an earlier portion of this paper, "a fall from the consideration she now holds among us." It means that she must "descend again to be the mere plaything of man, the transient companion of his leisure hours, to be held loosely as the chance gift of a capricious fortune."

Such transient companionship, such loose holding, appear to many careful observers the substitute for Christian marriage which will be found in the world as Christianity becomes generally discredited; a consummation which they deem imminent. To quote at length even the more considerable of contemporary publicists who have expressed this view, would take me far beyond my present limits. I can here cite only a very few words from three of them. Mr. Karl Pearson, in his learned and able work, "The Ethic of Free Thought," writes: "Legalized life monogamy is, in human history, a thing but of yesterday; and no unprejudiced person can suppose it a final form. A new sex relationship will replace the old. Both as to matter and form it ought to be a pure question of taste, a simple matter of agreement between the man and woman." Mr. Pearson, in his most suggestive volume, "National Life and Character," holds that as "the religion of the State" replaces Christianity, which he thinks it is swiftly and surely doing, it will be "impossible to maintain indissoluble marriage," and "the tie between husband and wife" will "come to be easily variable, instead of permanent." Similarly, Mr. H. G. Wells, in the singularly inter-

⁸ For the proof of this statement I must refer the reader to Chapter I, and to the Appendix in my work "On Right and Wrong."

esting "Anticipations," with which he has just favored the world, deems it "impossible to ignore the forces making for a considerable relaxation of the institution of permanent monogamous marriage in the coming years;" and holds it "foolish not to anticipate and prepare for a state of things when not only will moral standards be shifting and uncertain, admitting of physiologically sound *ménages* of very variable status, but also when vice and depravity, in every form that is not absolutely penal, will be practised in every grade of magnificence, and condoned."

I own, I think this prognostication of the return of modern civilization to "the morals of the poultry yard" well warranted by the signs of the times. It rests, indeed, upon the assumption that the revolution in the relations of the sexes, steadily progressing since the destruction of the religious unity of Europe, will continue unchecked. Whether that assumption is correct "only the event will teach us, in its hour." Of course we must not forget that human affairs seldom advance for very long in a straight line. "Inest in rebus humanis quidam circulus." The future rarely corresponds with the forecasts of even the wisest. Still, as we look round the world, it is impossible not to recognize the strength of the forces which militate against marriage. I know well that we cannot count reason among them. The human reason, properly disciplined and correctly exercised, is capable of ascertaining the ethical principles necessary to enable man to arrive at his natural ideal—the harmonious development of all his powers in a complete and consistent whole. And from those principles is derived the true norm of matrimony so well expressed by the great jurisconsult of ancient Rome: "Coniunctio maris et feminae et consortium omnis vitae; divini et humani juris communictatio." A state of life involving the

fusion of two personalities and fraught with consequences most momentous to both, and to society, its unity and indissolubility issue from the nature of things in their ethical relations, as I noted in a former page. Such is the conclusion of reason. But instinct points another way. It points to polygamy, it points to concubinage, it points to promiscuity, for the gratification of the capricious sexual appetite. And the fashionable philosophy of the day denies the very existence of reason, in the only proper sense of the word, accounting it entirely a matter of nerves and cells, and enthrones instinct in its place. But apart from that, how many people are capable of following reason as the guide of life? Of using it to bring into subjection what Plato called "the wild beast within us?" For the vast multitude the only effective curb of instinct is religion.

And what are the religions of the world doing—what is Christianity, even, doing, in all its types and travesties—to meet the passionate attacks upon indissoluble monogamy? Attacks made everywhere and in every form, from the scientific treatise to the silly tale, from the philosophical prelection to the problem play. We have seen, in the foregoing pages, the heavy indictment in this matter which lies against the Eastern Church and against Protestantism generally. In the Anglican Communion, no doubt, there are many men of good will who view with dismay the contemporary assault upon Christian wedlock, the growing derogation from its strictness, the increasing decline in the moral tone of women, and consequently of society. But what can they effect in a Church divided against itself, where bishop differs from bishop, and provincial synod contradicts provincial synod, upon this grave subject? A Church which is a mere multitude of

individuals, for every one of whom his own private judgment, or inclination, is the ultimate arbiter of faith and morals? A Church "set up," as Cardinal Newman said, "in an Act of Parliament," and the puppet of a Parliamentary majority, whose ministers are bound to adapt themselves to the law of the land, and the decisions of its tribunals, concerning marriage, as concerning all matters of doctrine and discipline? The only real witness in the

world for the absolute character of holy matrimony is the Catholic Church. And whether men will hear, or whether—as seems more likely—they will forbear, she warns them that to degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere dissoluble contract, to a mere regulation of social police, to a mere material fact governed by the animal, not the rational nature, will be to throw back modern civilization to that wallowing in the mire from which she rescued it.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

W. S. Lilly.

HOW MORAG FOUND HER LAD.

I.

On the last night of December Morag MacQuarrie thought sadly of the past, as she sat in the low wooden chair by her peat fire. Outside the snow was falling, and sometimes a flake fell into the red blaze with a dying hiss, while the kettle for tea sang cheerily. Morag was almost too tired to knit, though she held between her relaxed fingers a half-finished stocking of the yarn she had lately spun. She was, in fact, dozing, and would have been quite asleep had it not been for her brooding thoughts, that recalled bygone days, old regrets and prospects unfulfilled.

There was no reason, she told herself, why she should not be a satisfied and happy woman. Was not everything in that old thatched homestead her own, and was there a woman on the island more respected than she for honest dealing and hard work? Ever since her father had died, twenty years ago, leaving her, a mere girl, to carry on Ballygowan Farm, she had never spared herself; she had risen early and gone to bed late, in order to pay her way and be dependent upon no one. This she had more than achieved; for

besides bringing up Flauri, her brother's only bairn, she had a tidy little sum put away, and was, according to the estimate of wealth in the district, a well-to-do person. Was not all this enough to make her content?

Perhaps it was the thought of Flauri that made her answer this question in the negative. She would be losing the lassie soon, and then how lonesome she would be! If things had been different—ah, then!

There was a pathetic smile on her lips as her eyes closed and her hands fell upon her lap; for she saw herself back in the days when she had been a bonny slip of a girl, such as Flauri was now, and had thought, as Flauri did now, of a home with the man who was her sweetheart. She could see him standing at the wicket gate under the rowans, as they said good-night, and could hear her mother's voice chiding her when she came in, for having been outside an hour or more. An hour! How well she remembered the few minutes it had seemed! The memory of those brief hours often kept her tongue quiet now, when Flauri lingered long at the gate with the lad Ian.

Yes, she must have been very bonny then, for Duncan was not the only lad who had wooed her. And a sharp pang made her eyelids quiver as she reflected that if a man spoke fair words to her now, she suspected him of designs upon her farm and her little stock of gold. For twenty years of toil and anxiety had drawn lines in her face and grace from her body; she did not even credit herself with those personal attractions that still remained. She did not know—honest Morag—that in spite of her hard years of labor time had dealt gently with her, leaving her still comely, with a straight well-balanced figure, thick crinkled hair, scarcely touched with silver, fine Highland features and a smile as cheering as a sunny day.

In her half-waking doze, Morag's glance fell upon the big brown spinning-wheel that stood in a corner of the kitchen, under the *cruisgean*, a little oil lamp with a floating wick, in shape like those of Pompeii, which hung upon the wall. Both the *cruisgean* and the wheel were survivals of Morag's early youth, for now that the steamers came regularly to the island (with posts actually once a day!) spinning had gone out of fashion, and new-fangled lamps were in every cottage. But she cherished the old things because they reminded her of old days. As she looked at the wheel she seemed again to hear Duncan whispering, beneath its whirr, the tender hope that he would soon have her for his *beanna bainnse* (wedding wife), and asking when she would be making the household linen. How grateful she had been to the *cruisgean*, then, for its dim, uncertain light, when his arm had stolen round her waist unobserved and spoilt her spinning!

Where was he now, her dear lad, her Duncan? For more than eighteen years she had expected to hear of his fame, but the news had not come. In spite of the hopes he had raised, of the

goodness of the minister who had helped him to go to the art school in London, and of the unmistakable talent that had made his friends so proud of him, the young Highland artist had never returned to his homeland.

Morag knew by heart all the letters he had written her. They were not many and had ceased in a few years. She had never blamed him for not writing any more. He was so wonderful that the world must claim him. Could she expect him to come back and wed a simple lass from a farm—and he a genius? No. The heartache she had felt at parting from him had been deepened by the foreboding that her day of happiness was over, and so it had been. But had not the good God sent her many other blessings, a nice home, a comfortable income, excellent health and a loving niece? Her neighbors might pity her because she had no man. They did not know that her man lived with her in dreamland, in those rare moments when Morag had time to dream! It was for this she had refused Sandy McColl and Eachan Black—yes, and others who had wanted to take Duncan's place.

Over her bed upstairs there hung a "bit picture" that her lad had painted of the farm and given to her that New Year before he went away. A sprig of white heather was gummed below it, and a line in the English, which she had not understood then, but had learnt since. It said:

Wishing you a very Happy New Year.

She was thinking of this, and of how he had "first-footed" her that morning—he a dark man, bringing luck—when her meditations were interrupted by footsteps and voices, as two young people came through the back door into the quaint old kitchen. They greeted her in the Gaelic, as she rose, ashamed that she had not a meal ready for them.

"You will be gey cold and wet," she said apologetically, as she hustled about lighting the lamp and setting the table, while Flauri took off her wet coat and hat, and the young man warmed his red hands at the fire.

"It is quite ready for the tea we are," responded the girl; and she added, smiling prettily, "Did you feel us long away, Aunt Morag?"

"It was the peacefullest hour of the whole day," was the answer. Morag's eyes twinkled as she spoke, and both laughed. Had they been English, a caress might have followed, but it did not occur to either of them that any demonstration of feeling was necessary to express the affection in their hearts.

The meal passed very pleasantly; tea, eggs and scones were rapidly consumed by Flauri and her lover, but Morag ate little. She sat thinking sorely of the fast-coming time when her niece, her dear bairn, would be taken from her, and she would be left alone in the big, bare kitchen, with its uncarpeted stone floor, its huge oven for bread and scone-baking, and its long deal table by the window, round which the farm men gathered, three times a day, for their meals. It was more than seven o'clock now, and they, with their dogs, had gone to the cottages, or to the bothies where the unmarried lads slept; and Morag suddenly foresaw the time when she must come to dread their going, on long dark winter nights like this, made terrible by the sullen roaring of the sea and howling of the wind; when the beating of sleet upon the window-panes would summon all the ghosts of the past to come and haunt her.

But the young folk did not observe either her lack of appetite or her abstraction. They talked gaily about all the news of the district; of the minister and his English bride; of Lachlan MacPhail, who had got a bursary at the school; of Mary Cameron's cattle that gave no milk because of the witch

who went to the byre in the night and ran out in the morning in the shape of a hare; and above all of the Hogmanay revels up at Torvaig, home of the island's greatest chief, where all the old customs were still kept up. At twelve o'clock there would be the usual procession of tenants and servants, gamekeepers and gillies, round the house, with much shouting to scare away the Devil; after which the chief, in full Highland dress, would meet them in his hall, strike each man lightly across the face with a singed sheepskin, and then shake hands cordially upon the blow. Ancient carols in the Gaelic would follow, with steaming toddy; and finally Torvaig's piper would play reels and strathspeys for the dancing, up to three or four in the morning. Ian had taken part in this annual carnival last year, so he was able to describe it minutely.

"There are plenty," he went on, "who will be complaining that, in the good old days, highlandmen used to keep the *Nollaig Bheag* (Hogmanay, or 'Little Festival') and the old New Year's Eve as well; which was fine for getting the whiskey in their skins twice over. But now that the date is changed and the year begins on the first of January, the excuse is being taken from them, and though most of the men of this island go 'first-footing' on the first and on the twelfth too, the custom is slowly dying out, and soon they will have only the one day for it whatever."

While he was speaking, Morag's thoughts flew back to those past days when Duncan had come to "first foot" her on the twelfth of January, for in her youth the old date had been conservatively kept up by every one on the island. How vividly she recollects a certain dark morning when she heard her sweetheart's voice outside calling upon her to come down and let him in! And with this came the memory of another night—a week later—when she had

stolen into the garden to look at the first new moon of the year in a mirror. Standing with her back to the silver sickle, and holding in her hand the small square bit of greenish glass that was all she ever had to dress by, she had distinctly seen two pale crescents shining there; and her heart had fluttered wildly to think that in two years she would be married to Duncan. False glass, false moon, foolish lass! Flauri would never do such a silly thing. But then Flauri had had a good schooling and knew the English well, which made a great difference.

By-and-by Morag brought out the old Gaelic Bible to read a chapter and a paraphrased psalm before Ian went home. Then he, having a good voice that led the motley choir in the tiny church on the hillside by the ferry, suggested a hymn, probably for the sake of prolonging his stay. They sang three favorite ones, their strong tones echoing in the rafters of the whitewashed kitchen till they drowned the rattle of hailstones on the window. After the third, Morag said, timidly:

"If you have not a wish to go now, Ian MacColl, it is 'Beannachd a triath nam flath-fial' I would like to be singing with you."

It was the last hymn she had heard Duncan raise his voice in, and to-night she longed to hear again the old tune which had come down from the dark pagan ages, perhaps from the Druids themselves, whose remains still lie about these islands. Ian, nothing loth to stay, agreed willingly, and they sang, in their own tongue, the following verses:

Bless, O Chief of generous Chiefs,
Myself and everything near me;
Bless me in all my actions;
Make thou me safe forever.

From every brownie and banshee,
From every evil wish and sorrow,

From every nymph and water wraith,
From every fairy mouse and grass
mouse;

From every troll among the hills,
From every siren hard pressing me,
From every ghoul within the glens,
O! save me till the end of my day.

Ian did not notice the tears that filled Morag's blue eyes as she wished him good-night and *beannachd leat* (a blessing with you); but he squeezed her hand heartily, and said, laughing:

"It will not be many hours before you are seeing me again, mem, for sure I'll be coming to 'first foot' you in the morning early."

"And it is the dark man he will be, Aunt Morag, to bring us luck with him!" cried Flauri. "See to it now, Ian, that no fair lad gets here before you, for to put the evil on us!"

He promised and went away.

In her room Morag held the light in front of the "bit picture" on the wall, and gazed wistfully at it for some minutes.

"Why will I be thinking of you all the time, Duncan?" she muttered. "More than ever do I think of you—and the wonder is on me! Is it a happy New Year you are wishing for me now? And have I been wishing anything but happiness to you, my lad, through all the long days whatever?"

She passed from the picture to her small square looking-glass; it was the same she had used nearly twenty years ago to question the new moon. A worn face stared at her from it, and she said, with a somewhat bitter smile:

"It is a fool you will be, Morag MacQuarrie, to be taking on like a young lass at your time of life! Shame on you for an old ewe that is thinking herself a hogg (a lamb)! Better leave such haivering to those who have not the wrinkles in the face."

She turned from the glass sadly, and was soon in bed, sleeping the

dreamless sleep that comes to tired limbs and comforts sore hearts.

II.

It was still quite dark when Morag heard the patter of Flauri's bare feet go past her door. The girl had been too frugally brought up to think of putting on shoes and stockings before noon, and on the present occasion they would have been too noisy for her. She was going down a couple of hours earlier than usual to meet Ian, who had promised to be waiting at the door in time to steal a march on any other "first footer" who might come; and she did not want to wake her aunt.

Morag turned on her pillow with a rueful smile. She had done the same for Duncan long ago. Her mother had come down to find her in the kitchen with him, one on each side of the fire she had lighted, and the bottle of whiskey he had brought for luck, according to custom, standing on the table beside them, of course untasted. Even in those days, before teetotalism had been preached in the island, no alcohol had ever found its way to her lips; her mother had been careful of that. And now it would have been difficult to get, had she wanted it, for Eoghan Alison, who had the mail cart, was a staunch abstainer, and what was more, a pilgrim. Many a sermon had he delivered against the evils of strong drink, and it was well known that if any one wanted a bottle of *uisge-beatha* (whiskey; literally "water of life") from the village, it had to be smuggled by the storekeeper in a basket of other commodities. Old Jean MacGregor, it was said, always received hers under the name of groceries, which were carried to her by the unsuspecting pilgrim in all innocence. Had accident once revealed what lay under the so-called groceries, Jean would never have got her whiskey again, for Eoghan simply

refused to convey alcohol, and there was rarely any other means of getting it from the village.

When she went downstairs just before dawn, Morag found, as she expected, the young people seated just as she had sat with Duncan, one on each side of the fire, with the bottle uncorked on the table near them. New Year greetings followed, and Ian kissed her under a sprig of mistletoe he had brought with him; it was the first kiss from a man's lips she had known since Duncan went away. Presently the homely kitchen was besieged with visitors, each bringing an undesired bottle on the pretence of entertaining their hostess, and receiving in return the good fare that was spread out on the table for their benefit. The morning passed busily, for both Morag and her niece had their hands full in washing up dishes and glasses, besides all the ordinary work of the farm. Once Flauri whispered, "We will be having a good year, for sure, Aunt Morag. Ian he was come first of all, and there is no more dark man on the island than him. Luck will be ours—yours and mine. See if I do not be right!"

And somehow Morag had a strange presentiment, too, that luck was coming to her, though she could not say why she thought so.

The mail-cart was late that evening. It generally arrived about six, but it was past seven before Eoghan's little shaggy pony arrived at the farm. He brought some things from the store for Mistress MacQuarrie and three letters. Being nearly at the end of his journey he stopped a few minutes to take "a piece," and tell her all the news of the village, where he said, with a shocked face, that the men were behaving worse than the brute beasts in drunkenness and riotous living! He was cheered by the strong tea and sympathy he received, and went on his way more resigned to the iniquity of some

of his fellow creatures. When he was out of sight Morag opened her letters. Two were business ones concerning the farm. The third was a New Year card from a lady who had stayed there in the summer, and as Morag's eyes fell upon it, she uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Flauri, Flauri, see this!" she cried. The girl came running from the dairy at her call. "It will be the same one, whatever, the very same! You said the luck would come!"

Flauri was puzzled. She saw no connection between the pretty card and the good fortune she had prophesied for her aunt. Underneath the picture inside was printed a verse of poetry, and on the back, in a lady's handwriting: "With pleasant memories of Ballygowan Farm, which this sketch much resembles."

Morag could not read this, but Flauri could, and she translated it to her aunt, who ejaculated quickly:

"Och! resemble, is it? I'm thinking it is the self-same picture of the self-same house, and nobody but himself could have done it. Look you, Flauri, at the rowans here by the gate, and the hedge of red fuschia and the ducks waddling up from the burn—sure it can be no other. Do you not see it will be the very same that is hanging beside my bed?"

"Why, yes, Aunt Morag, that it is!" declared Flauri, looking attentively at the card. Then she read out slowly, in her pretty foreign accent, the verse:—

It's an owercome truth for age and youth,
An' brooks wl' nae denial,
That the dearest friends are the auldest
friends,
And the young are just on trial.

"I'm thinking it will be in the Lowland talk," added Flauri, "but easy enough to understand. Shall I be telling you the meaning?"

"*Cha bhi, cha bhi* (no), I am understanding it fine, and true it is, my lass—true indeed! 'The dearest friends are the oldest friends,'" Morag's voice broke on the unfamiliar English words. Flauri gazed at her in blank astonishment.

"*Huts!* Aunt Morag, what will be wrong on you, whatever?" she faltered. "Was it—maybe"—a light begotten of fellow feeling began to dawn on her—"was it him who drew the picture in your room that will have done this one too?"

Morag tried to speak, but could not; and then, ashamed of the "foolishness" that made her tremble before the young girl, she went out of the kitchen and upstairs.

Her knees shook, and she sat down on the bed to steady them. There could be no doubt that the little picture on the card was intended to represent Ballygowan Farm; all the features were identical with those of the sketch which had been drawn twenty years before. Morag sat and thought till her head ached.

Duncan, she decided, had painted that card. He had painted it for a man in England who bought pictures to sell again. This man must know where Duncan lived. If a letter were sent to Duncan under his care it would be forwarded.

But at this point she became despondent. How was she to find out where the man lived who bought the pictures?

Later in the evening, when she and Flauri were studying the card for the hundredth time, an answer to this question was flashed upon her. Turning over the bit of pasteboard in her hand, the girl said suddenly:

"Royston, Luck & Co.: Haworth House, Strand, London. I am thinking, aunt, that will be the name of the people who are after buying these pictures to sell again."

Morag stared, and the dark blood sprang to her face.

"What is that you will be saying, a *ghaoil* (darling)?" she exclaimed eagerly; and when Flauri showed her a little oval stamp at the back of the card, she muttered "*Ciu do Dhia!* (God be praised)" under her breath.

The solution to her problem was found.

That night, while Flauri was sleeping, Morag crept softly downstairs and sat long at the big kitchen table writing a letter, the first she had written for many a day. Flauri did all the correspondence now, and Morag had never known how to spell her own language properly, still less the English. But after a great effort and many failures, she managed to achieve an epistle, much blurred and almost unintelligible, of which the following is a free translation.

"Honored Sir,—Me it has given true joy to learn your fame by the picture that has come from London of Ballygowan Farm—we knowing it quite sure for the same. Dear friend, forget not always her who always blesses you in her heart.

"Morag MacQuarrie."

When she had done this, Morag laid her head on her folded arms and wept for very longing. Would the letter ever reach Duncan? She feared not. But she addressed it to Royston, Luck & Co., and walked with it next day two miles to the nearest post office, because she would not give it to Eoghan when he passed with the mail-cart in the early morning. She did not wish the entire neighborhood to know she had written to her old sweetheart.

Ten days later a letter came to her, with a London postmark, in unknown handwriting. Eoghan handed it to her with an inquisitive look. He knew all Morag's correspondents quite well, and was perfectly aware that this was a

new one. But she did not satisfy his curiosity nor stay to have a "crack" with him, as he seemed to expect. She put the letter in her pocket, and kept feeling it to be sure it was there. All through the evening meal she was so silent that Flauri feared she must be ill, but the girl did not ask any questions. Highlanders are reserved, and resent being probed as to their feelings. Flauri knew her aunt did not care to talk about herself, and would soon tell her if anything were wrong, so she waited quietly.

It was not until she went to bed that Morag dared to open her letter, and then she did it with fear and trembling. Perhaps Duncan was dead, or had forgotten her, and her note had been returned by the picture-sellers! Nervously she broke the seal, but alas! the writing was too hard for her to read, although in her native tongue. Her eyes flew to the foot of the page, and then her heart gave a great jump, for she could just decipher the signature and the words above it.

"Do sheann leannan dileas (your old sweetheart and true),

"Duncan MacFadyen."

It was enough. She lifted her outstretched arms to the ceiling, and her eyes shone like the stars she could see from her windows, twinkling above the sea.

"O God, Lord, send him back to me—my Duncan! I am so lonely—send him back at last!" she prayed. And having no more words, she sank upon her knees sobbing.

All through the night she rose at intervals and paced the room, often gazing out of her window across the dark water beyond the little garden. It seemed to her half delirious vision as if Duncan might be coming over the sea in answer to her prayer, and she almost expected her eyes to be gladdened by the sight of a boat making

for the small grassy beach by the roadside. But no gleam of light upon the waves heralded the approach of a vessel; only the pale stars glimmered faintly through the darkness, casting here and there a jewel in the depths below them. At last, towards four o'clock Morag fell into an exhausted sleep.

She was roused by a knocking on the back door beneath her room. It was still quite dark, and for some moments she could not recollect where she was. In a dream she had been wandering over the hills with Duncan, and he had just given her a sprig of white heather, which she knew meant that he wanted to marry her. She rubbed her eyes drowsily, and all the sunshine that had been about her faded quickly as she remembered her forty-five years and realized her solitude. Some one was knocking at her door to give her first footing; so much became clear to her as she got up and began to dress. She had forgotten that it was the twelfth of January, old New Year's Day, and that many of her neighbors still kept it as her forbears had done.

The knocking came again. It seemed almost timorous. She wondered much who stood at her door.

Suddenly, while she was dressing, something caught her breath, and set her heart beating quickly. It was as if a flash of second sight had shown the truth to her. She threw open her window—not the one looking out over the sea, but the one over the kitchen door—and cried in quavering tones:

"Will that be you coming home, Duncan, my lad?"

"Aye, Morag, it is Duncan. May I be your 'first foot' this morning?" was the response, in a well-known voice that set all her limbs shaking as if with ague.

She stumbled downstairs and opened the door.

Temple Bar.

"I will be getting an old woman now, lad," she faltered, when he stood before her in the dim starlight. These were her first words.

"No, no; you have kept young, but I am old and a poor man. No fame has come to me, Morag. I have brought you nothing but myself, lass, and my pictures that nobody wanted," he answered wearily, putting out his hands to take hers.

"Thank God, I have enough for two!" she cried gladly, drawing him into the kitchen; "and och! you have brought me luck, for you are my luck, you yourself, Duncan; and it is sorely I have been wanting you all these years—sorely—sorely! But well I knew you would be coming back to me, lad—I knew it fine."

A frightened face in the doorway confronted the pair of lovers.

"Aunt Morag!"

"Come away in, Flauri child, and speak to him—him that will be your—uncle."

Morag blushed till her blue eyes shone above the rosy cheeks of a girl. Duncan took Flauri by the hand and looked from one to the other questioningly.

"She will be Alan's child," Morag explained. "But maybe you have not the knowing that Alan was dead nearly twenty years ago?"

He shook his head. Still holding the girl's hand, he said sadly:

"She is very like your brother, and she is like you, too. Ah, Morag, if I had not gone away and left you, we might have had just as bonny a lass of our own now! Can you ever forgive me?"

"Och! Duncan," she replied tremulously, "is it you that will be asking me such a foolish question whatever? God knows I have forgotten all sorrow, and have nothing but thankfulness in my heart, now that he has brought me home my lad."

Mary L. Pendered.

SOME AUSTRALIAN VERSE.

A Commonwealth is not the only new thing across the seas; there is also the lay of the Native-born. There is growing up a school of Australian verse, already showing promise of a vigorous life, the properties of a genuine school of literature. The Australian has a character of his own. He has the Englishman's stubbornness and his practical frame of mind; he has his love of sport, his humor, his gay recklessness in field or fight. But he has also shaken off much in the old character for which there is no place in his new home. He is not insular, nor is he feudal. There is no earl in his county, no squire in his village. He holds himself the equal of any man (in theory, at any rate) and will take the law from none. So his politics are different from ours, and in his literature there is a new note. We read it with impressions of a curious mixture of old and new. On the one hand there is all the spirit of the sturdiest English poetry; men, human life, human character, deeds and actions, are its theme. On the other, we quickly detect a new coloring, a fresh spirit; the colors of a life unknown to men in the old world, the spirit of the citizen of a country that has not yet come to manhood. It is the Englishman speaking in accents strange to us. The new nation is slowly and unconsciously finding its voice; it is beginning to articulate.

A great chance, a great destiny! The white man, with faculties fully developed, is placed in an untouched land to work out a new history. The finished product of centuries of civilization is, so to speak, born again. He renews his youth; the sheet is clean, the past has vanished, the future is before him. Thus we get new experiences, a new

civilization, a new poetry. There, in hardy frontier life, in bush clearings, stations and camps, among his rough and vigorous companions, the native-born wins his new experience. He looks around on novel scenes with open eyes. There is nothing like it in England.

The hush of the breathless morning
On the thin, tin crackling roofs,
The haze of the burned back-ranges,
And the dust of the shoeless hoofs.

All is changed. The setting is different; trees, birds and animals are of another type. There is the sombre forest, the drought and the flood, the endless sheep and cattle ranges, the long days on horseback, the limitless plains. The fox has become dingo or wallaby, the robin the bell-bird, the elm the wattle. Only the gay and sturdy spirit is unchanged. In place of beech and oak, of meadow and hedge-row, of "moan of doves in immemorial elms," of

the English skylark
And spring in the English lane,

the landscape is one of creeks and long sun-burned plains, of she-oaks and gum trees, of the scent of the musk from the wattle-tree blossom, of the parrot's scream and the laugh of the great kingfisher. You read how

We saw the fleet wild horses pass,
And the kangaroos through the Mitchell grass,
The emu ran with her frightened brood
All unmolested and unpursued.

or how,

Beneath a sky of deepest blue where
never cloud abides,
A speck upon the waste of plain the
lonely mailman rides.

Where fierce hot winds have set the pine and myall boughs asweep,
He hails the shearers passing by for news of Conroy's sheep.
By big lagoons where wildfowl play and crested pigeons flock,
By camp fires where the drovers ride around their restless stock.
And past the teamster tolling down to fetch the wool away,
My letter chases Conroy's sheep along the Castlereagh.

(Paterson.)

In a word, we are opening a new chapter in literature.

The Australian is a lucky man. Old Europe, now and again we think, has run her race. She has toiled and sweat-ed through her centuries and worked out her salvation, but the freshness is gone. Where are the light hearts? Where is the cheery adventurer? Not at any rate in our literature; maybe you will find him in our streets and schools, but not among our poets. One says the world is too much with us; another likens England to the weary Titan staggering under a burden greater than she can bear; the Ameri-can professes to hold us as of noaccount at all. But the Australian is young, happy-go-lucky, gay:

He saddles up his horses and he whis-tles to his dog.

Our young poets of the time are doleful and pensive and much given to sadness of soul. The Australian cares for none of these things. Little he recks of the morrow; he joins sturdily in the rough life around him; he is out of doors, he rides and races, shoots and drinks; for long months he is alone with nature. And his poetry tells us of all this. It is real, it breathes, it lives. The poet tells us exactly what he has seen, what he has done among his fellows, what he has gone through in long lonely days and nights at his station. Now he rises to high

moods of appreciation of natural beauties; now he easily sketches the humors of this life of bushmen and country towns. It is not *vers de société*, the verse of Praed or Mr. Austin Dobson; the art is not so subtle, the humor is broader; but the men are simpler, the scenes are more human. It is not fashion or high society we read about, but healthy home-spun humanity; we see the town of Dandaloo—

The yearly races mostly drew
A lively crowd to Dandaloo—

and so on in a strain that is neither of Calverley nor of Bret Harte. Rather, if we may suggest it, we have here a mellow edition of Dickens's humor, which we take to be on the whole the most essentially British in our litera-ture. Add to this humor a sense of natural beauty such as you will hardly find in Dickens, but rather in Tenny-son and Matthew Arnold, and you have the component elements of Australian bush-verse. There is not the salt sea strain; it does not smell of the brine; you shall not read here "of Nelson and the North," nor of "a wet sheet and a flowing sea," for the conditions are other. The bushman and his horse are the heroes of the piece. But it is vigorous verse; the pulse beats high, the lives are broad, free and strong.

For the latter-day Englishman, some-what oppressed with culture, who is told on every hand that England is going down hill and is being out-stripped by the German and American in the race of life, who sees himself sur-rounded by melancholy prophets, doleful bards or who is imprisoned in a vast expanse of brick and mortar, for such a one there is something exhilarat-ing in this Australian poetry. What if the poet paints only the lights and omits the shadows? He is bringing forth the treasures out of his own heart; if the colors are bright, the pic-

ture is not therefore untrue. Here is a breezy life; here the fresh winds of heaven blow; here the men ride and laugh, drink and have their rousing chorus, work and race. Here men are free and equal.

I went to Illawarra where my brother's
got a farm,
He has to ask his landlord's leave be-
fore he lifts his arm;
The landlord owns the country side—
man, woman, dog and cat,
They haven't the cheek to dare to speak
without they touch their hat.

It was shift, boys, shift, for there
wasn't the slightest doubt
Their little landlord god and I would
soon have fallen out;
Was I to touch my hat to him? Was
I his bloomin' dog?
So I makes for up the country at the
old jig-jog.

(Paterson.)

Little the bushman cares for the mor-
row. He lives carelessly for the mo-
ment, not a high ideal, it may be, in
theory, but it works out all right. What
does it matter to him what to-morrow
brings? Rough, hardy, easy-going,
such is the picture we have of him
and his mess-mate, and his good horse.

In my wild erratic fancy visions come
to me of Clancy
Gone a-droving "down the Cooper"
where the Western drovers go;
As the stock are slowly stringing,
Clancy rides behind them singing,
For the drover's life has pleasures
that the townsfolk never know.

And the bush hath friends to meet him,
and their kindly voices greet him
In the murmur of the breezes and the
river on its bars;
And he sees the vision splendid of the
sunlit plains extended,
And at night the wondrous glory of
the everlasting stars.
(Paterson.)

Another recalls his old bush-life:—

And often in the sleepless nights I'll
listen as I lie,
To the hobble-chains clink-clanking,
and the horse-bells rippling by.
I shall hear the brave hoofs beating, I
shall see the moving steers,
And the red glow of the camp-fires as
they flame across the years,
And my heart will fill with longing just
to ride for once again
In the forefront of the battle where the
men who ride are Men.

(Ogilvie.)

It is no anaemic muse we listen to;
here we have flesh and blood, arms and
the man.

The three Australians who interest us most as bush-poets are Adam Lindsay Gordon, A. B. Paterson and Will Ogilvie. We take it they are the three best examples of the poetry we have endeavored to describe, the poetry which is not the work of the student or the recluse but of the man of action. Australian opinion reckons Gordon as the founder, as well as the best writer of this poetry. He is too well known in England to need introduction here. Some of his poems, as a recent anthologist of Australian verse well says, are "full of solemn, dignified manfulness, and once read, can never be wholly forgotten." His verse was the first to reflect the settler's real life, and he began the cult of the horse and his rider which is part of the national creed to-day. The best of his bush-poems are to this day unmatched of their kind. Enough if we quote once more the oft-quoted "Sick Stock-Rider."

'Twas merry in the glowing morn,
among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many
a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud, and
watch the white wreaths pass,
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the
while.
* * * * *

The deep blue skies wax dusky, and
the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to
heave and fall;

And sickly smoky shadows through
the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave
their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the
wattle-blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my
bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull
the bush-flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping
overhead.

So he wrote in the solitude or hardships of his life in Victoria and South Australia. We can but regret that the best of his work is so limited in quantity, and that many of his other pieces are of such inferior quality; but he has left his stamp decisively on Australian literature.

Our second writer is Mr. Paterson, of "The Man from Snowy River," which is highly popular in Australia and not unknown here. He does not match Gordon at his best, but he is sane, humorous, sensible, with a wide experience of man, life and nature, as he knows them. His mind, while always open to the impressions of beauty in nature, is equally appreciative of the comic side of the picturesque society around him. He hits off easy sketches of colonial life and manners; again he paints scenes of the natural world touched with genuine charm. At times his poetry is barely more than humorous verse, the jingle of the rhyming journalist.

On Western plains where shade is not,
'Neath summer skies of cloudless
blue,
Where all is dry and all is hot,
There stands the town of Dandaloo—
A township where life's total sum
Is sleep, diversified by rum.

He excels in easy portraits of the station-life in New South Wales with a breezy background of nature, as, for instance, in the delightful sketch of "Saltbush Bill," "a drover tough as

ever the country knew," and its graphic exposition of the drover's law.

Now this is the law of the Overland
that all in the West obey,
A man must cover with travelling
sheep a six-mile stage a day;
But this is a law which drover's make,
right easily understood,
They travel their stage where the grass
is bad, but they camp where the
grass is good;
They camp and they ravage the squat-
ter's grass till never a blade re-
mains,
Then they drift away as the white
cloud drifts on the edge of the
saltbush plains.

From camp to camp and from run to
run they battle it hand to hand,
For a blade of grass and the right to
pass on the track of the Overland.
For this is the law of the Great Stock
Routes, 'tis written in white and
black—
The man that goes with a travelling
mob must keep to a half-mile
track;
And the drovers keep to a half-mile
track on the runs where the grass
is dead,
But they spread their sheep on a well-
grassed run till they go with a
two-mile spread.

So the squatters hurry the drovers on
from dawn till the fall of night,
And the squatters' dogs and the drov-
ers' dogs get mixed in a deadly
fight;
Yet the squatters' men, though they
hunt the mob, are willing the
peace to keep,
For the drovers learn how to use their
hands when they go with the trav-
elling sheep.

But, on the whole, we like the author best in his more natural mood, in his descriptive pieces, whether of man, horse or scenery, when he sometimes rises to passages of real beauty and truth.

The roving breezes come and go
On Kiley's Run,

The sleepy river murmurs low,
And far away one dimly sees
Beyond the stretch of forest trees—
Beyond the foothills dusk and dun—
The ranges sleeping in the sun
On Kiley's Run.

* * * * *

I see the old bush homestead now
On Kiley's Run,
Just nestled down beneath the brow
Of one small ridge above the sweep
Of river flat where willows weep
And jasmin flowers and roses bloom,
The air was laden with perfume
On Kiley's Run.

Or this Theocritean picture:—

The roving breezes come and go, the
reed beds sweep and sway,
The sleepy river murmurs low, and
loiters on its way,
It is the land of lots o' time along the
Castlereagh.

Or in this again, the voice of the
wind:—

But some that heard the whisper clear
were filled with vague unrest;
The breeze had brought its message
home, they could not fixed abide;
Their fancies wandered all the day to-
wards the blue hills' breast,
Towards the sunny slopes that lie
along the riverside.

The verse, metre and thought may be plain, but they are direct, real and not without a touch of beauty. After all, there is some merit in simplicity; a highly fastidious taste is not necessarily a sound one. Lastly, we note in our author a manly sympathy with weakness or poverty. He feels the hardness and squalor of town life and crowded cities; he is a man as well as a poet.

The last of our three bush-poets hails also from New South Wales, Mr. Ogilvie, whose "Fair Girls and Gray Horses" is in high favor in Australia. Though the influence of Mr. Kipling is

plain in his work—as in a less degree it is in Mr. Paterson's, who, however, holds more strongly of Gordon—yet he has his own note, too; the line runs spontaneous, the inspiration flows free. The danger is that his language will carry him away, that the sound will overwhelm the sense. But against that danger his practical experience of life should stand as a safeguard; he has surely seen and done too much to be ever the victim of mere words. He has roughed it with the others, has lived the bush-life, has ridden and driven, has worked the coach, has camped and starved, frozen or burned in dry Australian summers. His verse breathes the free and careless frontier life of New South Wales and Queensland, of days of drought and flood, of cattle-driving, of hard drinking, of hard riding, of days and nights passed under the air of heaven. His verses go with a swing and a force, and always have the stamp of reality behind them. Take the opening piece, one of the best in the volume, "From the Gulf."

Store cattle from Nelanjie! The mob
goes feeding past,
With half a mile of sandhill 'twixt the
leaders and the last;
The nags that move behind them are
the good old Queensland stamp,—
Short backs and perfect shoulders that
are priceless on a camp.
And these are Men that ride them,
broad-chested, tanned and tall,
The bravest hearts among us and the
lightest hands of all;
Oh, let them wade in Wonga grass and
taste the Wonga dew,
And let them spread those thousand
head,—for we've been droving too!

Store cattle from Nelanjie; By half a
hundred towns,
By Northern ranges rough and red, by
rolling open downs,
By stock-routes brown and burnt and
bare, by flood-wrapped river-
bends,
They've hunted them from gate to gate,
—the drover has no friends! . . .

* * * * *

Store cattle from Nelanjie! They're
mute as milkers now;
But yonder grizzled drover, with the
care-lines on his brow,
Could tell of merry musters on the big
Nelanjie plains,
With blood upon the chestnut's flanks
and foam upon the reins;
Could tell of nights upon the road,
when those same mild-eyed steers
Went ringing round the river-bend and
through the scrub like spears.
And if his words are rude and rough,
we know his words are true,
We know what wild Nelanjies are,—
and we've been droving too!

Store cattle from Nelanjie! Their
breath is on the breeze;
You hear them tread, a thousand head,
in blue grass to the knees;
The lead is on the netting fence, the
wings are spreading wide,
The lame and laggard scarcely move—
so slow the drovers ride!
But let them stay and feed to-day for
sake of Auld Lang Syne;
They'll never get a chance like this be-
low the Border Line;
And if they tread our frontage, what's
that to me or you?
What's ours to fare, by God they'll
share!—for we've been droving,
too!

Another side of station-life is touched
in the piece called "At the Back o'
Bourke," a side barely hinted at by
Gordon, whose regrets are mainly for
the life of the old world which Mr.
Ogilvie never knew.

Where the Mulga paddocks are wild
and wide,
That's where the pick of the stockmen
ride,
At the back o' Bourke!
Under the dust clouds dense and brown,
Moving southwards by tank and town,
That's where the Queensland mobs
come down—
Out at the back o' Bourke!

* * * * *

That's the land of the wildest nights,
The longest sprees and the fiercest
fights,

At the back o' Bourke!
That's where the skies are brightest
blue,
That's where the heaviest work's to do,
That's where the fires of Hell burn
through—
Out at the back o' Bourke!

That's where the wildest floods have
birth,
Out of the nakedest ends of Earth,
At the back o' Bourke!
Where poor men lend and the rich ones
borrow,
It's the bitterest land of sweat and
sorrow—
But if I were free, I'd be off to-morrow,
Out at the back o' Bourke!

The life described may not always
be a nice one, nor will it do to examine
its manners or morals too closely.
Where men are doing the rough work
of the world, it would be ridiculous to
expect sentiments and manners which
would please girls' schools or respec-
table suburbs. We find in our author
a series of glowing pictures drawn
from a simple and elemental state of
society; we find men described by a
man. It is a full-blooded style, no
doubt, of which one might easily have
too much. But Mr. Ogilvie has the
root of the matter in him; he has in-
spiration, and he can move us.

If Ruskin's word be right, and "there
is but one thing worth saying, and that
is what we have seen for ourselves,"
then these writers, and others of the
same school whom we have not now
time to examine, should be on the right
track, for they tell of their own experi-
ences, drawn at first hand from their
own lives. It is much enduring Ulysses
or Othello speaking in unvarnished ac-
cents of disastrous chances, moving ac-
cidents; it is the plain man telling us
what he has seen, heard and done, in
tolerable, often in good, sometimes in
really excellent verse. If the verse be
polished we may then get true poetry;
if not, at any rate we have reality,
such as no study or research can give.

For this reason we have not included Henry Kendall in our list, though many Australians put him first of all their poets. And on one side he is the first. As a scholar and an artist in verse, from the point of view of finish and style, he is superior to the rest, Gordon and all. But if we judge a poet from his matter, from his passion, from his power to appeal to the heart, we must put him elsewhere. He writes for the educated and the literary; Gordon and his successors wrote for the common man whom they had known, and the common man has fastened on Gordon as Scotsmen on Burns. Some of Kendall's work is elaborated with extraordinary care and finish. Take this piece, for example, "The Hut by the Black Swamp."

Across this hut the nettle runs,
And livid adders make their lair
In corners dark from lack of suns,
And out of fetid furrows stare
The growths that scare.

Here Summer's grasp of fire is laid
On bark and slabs that rot and breed
Squat ugly things of deadly shade,
The scorpion, and the spiteful seed
Of centipede.

Unhallowed thunders harsh and dry
And flaming noon-tides mute with
heat,
Beneath the breathless, brazen sky
Upon these rifted rafters beat,
With torrid feet.

And night by night, the fitful gale,
Doth carry past the bittern's boom,
The dingo's yell, the plover's wail,
While lumbering shadows start, and
loom
And hiss through gloom.

Gordon could not have written like that, nor perhaps would he have cared to try, for there is no human interest in the piece. Gordon thought out half his poems in the saddle; Boake mustered cattle while he rhymed; and man and man's doings and fortunes and be-

longings, down to his horse and his dog, alone concern them. They were men of action and wrote for men of action. Kendall is the student; he writes for the literary world, and the literary world admires him; but the only writer the stockman knows is Gordon.

In these writers, then, we see the straightforward and plain (it would not do to say the unlettered) colonial speaking, with an unexpected amount of literary quality as well. We see the emigrant, or native-born, steadily devoted to his race and his new home. It is no dreamy or sentimental pride in his land—the mountaineer's unconscious passion for his mountain home; but strenuous, ardent, even aggressive. It is a fighting pride, which challenges the world to produce a better than one's own; a hot and generous pride which covers impartially one's race and blood, colony, district, station, chum, horse, dog and rifle, yet humorous enough to laugh at itself, if need be—though it will not let others laugh.

The Australian is rooted in the soil; and his verse clings tenaciously to the ground in which it has grown.

Oh! rocky range and rugged spur and
river running clear,
That swings around the sudden bends
with swirl of snow-white foam,
Though we, your sons, are far away,
we sometimes seem to hear
The message that the breezes bring to
call the wanderers home.
The mountain peaks are white with
snow that feeds a thousand rills,
Along the river banks the maize grows
tall on virgin land;
And we shall live to see once more
those sunny southern hills,
And strike once more the bridle track
that leads along the Bland.
(Paterson.)

Nowhere else, perhaps, in modern verse do we find such continuous, endless reflection of the world of nature, rarely such freedom and buoyancy. It

is the gay spirit of a young nation, the firmness of the grown man, the large horizon of the son of nature. He has lived the settler's or countryman's life; nature has become part of his very soul, and he cannot speak but in terms of her.

The night winds are chanting above you
A dirge in the cedar trees,
Whose green boughs groan at your
shoulder,
Whose dead leaves drift to your
knees.

You cry, and the curlews answer;
You call, and the wild dogs hear;
Through gaps in the old log fences
They creep when the night is near.

I stand by your fenceless gardens,
And weep for the splintered staves;
I watch by your empty ingles,
And mourn by your white-railed
graves;

I see from your crumbling doorways
The whispering white forms pass,
And shiver to hear dead horses
Crop-cropping the long gray grass.

Where paddocks are dumb and fallow,
And wild weeds waste to the stars,
I can hear the voice of the driver,
The thresh of the swingle-bars;
I can hear the hum of the stripper
That follows the golden lanes,
The snort of the tiring horses,
The clink of the bucking-chains.
(Ogilvie.)

This is the poetry of man in the bush
and in the field—man, his horse, his

Macmillan's Magazine.

work in the world of nature. We may fairly describe it as something new in literature. For the freedom and *abandon* we must go back to the early poetry of nations, the *minnelied*, the folksong, a peasantry's outpourings; for here we have verse as direct, as free, as living, but we have all this in the hands of educated men, heirs of a long line of letters. They can feel as the young, and have the trained minds of the old; they have all our poetic traditions at hand to start with on their new life. We shall expect therefore to see much from them in time. At present, though their outlook be wide, the landscape is somewhat monotonous, though their experiences be many, they are not diverse. Their criticism of life (to borrow a memorable phrase) is as yet, and inevitably, somewhat immature; the strings of their lyre are few, and their voices are strangely alike. But in time they should pass into "an ampler ether, a diviner air;" if something of the old recklessness, the old gaiety must go, its place should be taken by thought, by experience working in a larger field to finer issues. We shall look to them for something far different from the light and mocking spirit of the American writer. We shall expect something masculine and strong, true to the English tradition, but of genuine colonial character.

THE BEST AND THE SECOND-BEST IN LITERATURE.

The well-known French proverb which declares that *le mieux est l'ennemi du bien* appears to be reversed in the minds of many critics of contemporary English literature. They seem to hold that the good which we slightly call talent is, if not directly hostile, at least unfavorable to the appearance of that still better thing which—without being able to define it—we all agree to call

genius, and they rather lament the existence of so many excellent writers of the second rank as we possess at present on the score that there is no sign of a man of genius to dominate them. In the January number of "Longman's Magazine" Mr. Andrew Lang defends himself against a critic who has accused him of "striving to close with his strait creed the mouth of this unworthy

generation." Mr. Lang is too richly endowed by nature with a sense of humor to hold the position of those who declare that, because we have a great number of excellent writers of the second rank, we are less likely to see the arrival of writers of genius. But there are some critics who seem to commit themselves to such a position in the course of their pessimistic remarks on contemporary literature. Mr. Frederic Harrison, whose words are always heard with respect and admiration by readers of taste, went as far as that many years ago, when the throng of reasonably good writers was not so thick as it is to-day, and there were still some men of genius to diversify it. We may still agree with him to "listen with mixed satisfaction to the peans which they chant over the works which issue from the press each day; how the books poured forth from Paternoster Row might in a few years be built into a pyramid that would fill the dome of St. Paul's." We believe that in the sixteen years which have elapsed since Mr. Harrison wrote this the statistics have steadily increased; even the war, which was expected to bring a diminution of the flood of new books, has but tended to fatten the "military expert" at the expense of the pot-boiling novelist. It is still true that the constant influx of new and remarkable books leaves less and less time for the perusal of old favorites. "We read nowadays in the market-place—I would say rather in some large steam factory of letterpress, where damp sheets of new print whirl round us perpetually—if it be not rather some noisy book fair where literary showmen tempt us with performing dolls, and the gongs of rival booths are stunning our ears from morn till night." But it is not all trash that is being thrust upon our notice. By common consent there are more really good books being written at the present day

in England than was the case ever before, even in the Elizabethan age; of course, we do not mean to say that their total value is greater, for no scales have yet been invented which will weigh talent against genius, or tell us how many novels by Mr. Norris, or volumes of history by Mr. Gardiner, would equal a play of Shakespeare, a lyric of Burns, or a chapter of Gibbon.

Those readers who are accustomed to hear the critic pronounce that this is an age of inferior literature, and that the literary plain is desolate from Dan to Beersheba, may hesitate for a moment to admit the truth of this assertion. Yet we think that a little consideration will change their opinion. Wherever we look it is impossible to deny the high level of accomplishment which our writers have attained. That it is not universally recognized is perhaps due to its very abundance, producing a kind of mental dyspepsia in the reader, whose perceptions are further dulled by the hashish of the novelists and the bhang of the daily papers. We need only compare the average English book of to-day with that of the last two or three generations. As a rule we make the comparison with the great books which alone have survived. We compare Mr. Kipling and Mr. Wells with Thackeray and Scott, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Henley with Wordsworth and Tennyson, Mr. Gardiner and Mr. Lecky with Gibbon and Carlyle. But any one who spends an hour or two at the shelves of the library well furnished with the forgotten books of the nineteenth century, once held in high esteem by their contemporaries, will admit the truth of our optimism. Let us take the department which is often allowed to usurp the whole name of literature—fiction and poetry—as an instance. We have no Thackeray or Scott or Dickens, and Mr. Lang is entitled to that extent to maintain his preference for the novels written be-

fore 1860 to those published since. But if we think of the best dozen or so of our living novelists—Mr. Meredith, of course, is *hors concours*—we are inclined to challenge any one to produce their equal from a single year of the nineteenth century, bar first-class genius. What earlier generation could show a mass of fiction equal to the work of Mr. Kipling, Mr. Wells, Mr. Barrie, Miss Barlow, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Hichens, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Jacobs, Mr. E. F. Benson, Mr. Capes, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Mary Coleridge, Mr. Shorthouse, Miss Martin and Miss Somerville?—we might extend this list to four or five times its length without notably falling below the standard of good second-rate work that has been indicated. In poetry, again, we have no great writer; but we have sixty or seventy minor poets who would all have got into the collection of Chalmers if they had had the luck to be born a hundred and fifty years earlier. We do not think that Mr. Yeats or Mr. Dobson or Mr. Lang, Mr. Bridges or Mr. Henley, is as great a poet as Goldsmith or Gray; but each of them has written poems that would strike us as forcibly as the “Elegy in a Country Churchyard” or “The Traveller,” if we came on them in the midst of such a waste of prose as that of the age which considered Mason a poet and was amazed by Chatterton. To go further into the consideration of our minor poets would trench too much on the preserves of Mr. William Archer and the late Mr. Traill, but we have said enough to make out our point. In other departments of literature the case is the same. Matthew Arnold used to complain, with great truth, of the miserable way in which the “journeyman-work” of literature, such as translation and newspaper work, was done in this country. Nowadays skill and conscience are brought to both tasks. We need only refer to such translations

as that of Balzac which Mr. Saintsbury edited, or Dr. Randall’s “Marcus Aurelius,” or Mr. Frazer’s “Pausanias,” to show how great a change has taken place. The reader of mature years need only ask himself how great an effect such an article as that which the “Times” published the other day from its correspondent in Morocco would have produced thirty or forty years ago, to see, when he remembers how much a matter of course such admirable writing now seems, what an advance we have indeed made in the diffusion of the power to write well.

It remains to consider whether the great increase in literary ability of the second order is a good thing. One’s first instinct is to say unhesitatingly “Yes.” Since reading is practically universal among the rising generation, it is surely well that the greatest possible quantity of good sound work should be given them to read. Those who deplore the increase of second-rate literature are apt to think that the choice for the young reader lies between Mr. Hope and Milton, and that if “The Prisoner of Zenda” were not so good, “Paradise Lost” would have a better chance. Undoubtedly that would be a strong argument against Mr. Hope; but as a matter of fact the choice is between a novel by Mr. Hope or Mr. Wells, or Mr. Kipling, and the latest sensational or “bitty” paper that gives “a horrible murder and a nillustration” for a penny. There is no question of Milton in the first place, but we think that Mr. Hope is, on the whole, more likely to lead his readers on to Milton. Even if he does not, good, wholesome writing is always better than the bad, sensational and often noxious stuff which was so much more prevalent from the days when Sir Anthony Absolute banned the circulating library down to the last generation, but which is now almost killed by the greater popularity which—in the ultimate de-

cency of things—attends on the better writers who now tell such good stories. We do not see how any one can seriously contend that an increasing percentage of good second-rate literary work can be harmful, but there is a good deal of cant still to be cleared out of some critics' minds on that subject. The other reason given for the dislike of this dead level of excellence is that it is likely to hinder the efflorescence of works of genius. This appears to rest on the curious theory that a man of genius will tend to assimilate his work to that of the majority; but the usual practice of men of genius is just the reverse. At the present moment the only novelist to whom the term "genius" might be applied without obvious absurdity is just the one whose work differs most distinctly from that of all his contemporaries, and owes least to the taste prevailing when he began to write. Experience shows, furthermore that great writers have appeared most freely—so far as there can be any classification of times and seasons—in the midst of a general literary movement of considerable excellence. The most striking instance of all is that of Shake-

peare, who, as Hazlitt finely said, "overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it from the *table-land* of the age in which he lived." Coleridge, again, wrote in much the vein of the critics whom we are notwithstanding at the moment when Keats and Shelley, Byron and Wordsworth, and Coleridge himself were irradiating the age with the finest poetical constellation that has appeared in our skies since Elizabethan days. "Language," he said, "mechanized as it were into a barrel-organ, supplies at once both the instrument and tune. Thus, even the deaf may play so as to delight the many." We are disposed to think with Mr. Lang, that no rules can be laid down for the appearance of writers of genius. The wind bloweth where it listeth—and *de gustibus non est disputandum*. But to assume that the general abundance of writers of talent is a hindrance to the appearance of geniuses is about as wise as to say that, because most women in France can cook, it must be peculiarly hard to get a supremely meritorious dinner in Paris.

The Spectator.

LOST VISION.

My love has her dwelling in the forest,
I can feel her as I walk among the pines;
All the avenues of the wood lead to her
And my heart runs to her leaping down the lines.

All about her is a magic circle;
I can speak with her, can touch her, take her hand;
But she smiles, her eyes are kind and tranquil,
And a world divides me from her where I stand.

Ah, but, love, some day and for a moment
Break the circle; in the sunshine let me lie,
See again the eyes divinely altered,
Let me see you once again before I die.

Stephen Gwynn.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The assimilation of the Filipinos should be assisted by the publication of a Tagalog grammar for Americans, and a complete English-Tagalog and Tagalog-English dictionary, which have been prepared by Dr. J. H. T. Stempel, who lived in Manila as a tutor when it was under Spanish rule.

Mr. Hugh Clifford, the British Resident at Selangor, in the Malay Peninsula, who is agreeably known to the readers of this magazine as the author of interesting studies of native character, is engaged upon a novel called "A Free Lance of To-day," the scene of which is laid in Acheen.

People who enjoy low bookcases, with their tops adorned with bric-a-brac, will be interested to know that in one of Professor Lanciani's discoveries, a genuine Roman library of the fourth century was found, the books in which were arranged in low cases, while above them were placed cameos and busts of famous authors.

The Pushkin Prize, which is given by the Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg every second year, has been awarded. It is given for excellence in translation as well as in original work. The full prize of 1,000 roubles was voted this year for a translation of Shakespeare, upon which the translator had been engaged for nearly thirty years.

Apropos of the announcement of a new edition of the writings of Charles Reade, "*The New York Evening Post*" remarks that the man who takes up to-day "*The Cloister and the Hearth*" may well doubt whether a better historical

novel has been written in the last four decades, and may find reason to assert that, in comparison the "brilliant successes" of the last few years are, as George the Third said of Shakespeare, "sad stuff."

The "unit system" of publishing, long familiar in Germany, is being experimented with in England. It consists in fixing the price of a book by the number of pages it contains. It is proposed to publish a number of standard books on this system. The unit is twenty-five pages, and the price per unit is one half-penny. The paper cover will cost one penny in addition to the total number of units. The cloth binding will be five pence additional. This will bring the cost of a cloth-bound volume of three hundred pages to only eleven pence. A preliminary list of a hundred books, which are to be included in the series, has already been issued.

At the furthest remove from those exquisite sketches of country folk which won Alice Brown her standing among contemporary novelists is "Margaret Warrener," a brilliant, over-crowded picture of that complex city-life in which art, business and society blend so bewilderingly. The "other woman," by name Laura Neale, a newspaper reporter, beguiles the reader's interest through the first half of the book, as she does Landaff Warrener's, and her portrait remains the most distinct to the end—a powerful, repulsive study in effective, uncompromising egotism. But Margaret herself is finely drawn, in spite of her failure to take first place, and her story is a notable contribution to the fiction

which is accumulating around the modern "marriage question." The scene is laid in Boston, and the local color adds to the interest. The minor characters, too, are remarkably well done. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Literature" scoffs good-humoredly at the following instructions as to "How to open a new book," which it finds in a slip in a book received from an American publisher:—

In order to open a new book so that its back will not be broken, the following instructions will be of value:—The book should be held with its back on a smooth table, then the front board cover should be let down, the leaves being held in one hand. Next, the other board cover should be let down. Following this operation a few leaves should be opened at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections until the centre of the volume is reached. The best results will be obtained if this is done two or three times. If the book is violently or carelessly opened in any one place, the back will very likely be broken.

"Literature" remarks that this seems to combine the chief features of a conjuring trick, a scientific experiment and a religious ceremonial, and adds that after a reviewer has performed this ceremony with a book and cut its pages he will probably have just time to write the review of it. Perhaps the process described does exact too much of reviewers. Probably it is not intended for them. But if it were generally followed, real lovers of books would be saved from witnessing the agonizing spectacle of the ruin of a binding by a careless stretching back of the covers.

There should be no lack of material for gossip in Paris during the next generation. The Bibliothèque Nationale has the diaries and correspondence of

Edmond de Goncourt, which are not to be opened until twenty years after his death. The same institution possesses also the papers and manuscripts of Edgar Quinet, which are held back until 1910; the love letters of de Musset, written to a lady who had promised to destroy them, but failed to do so when it came to the point; and some bulky parcels containing the correspondence and other unpublished papers of Renan and Thiers. De Musset's letters will be unsealed in nine years' time, Renan's in 1920, and Thiers's ten years after the death of the lady who has presented them. There are also fourteen volumes of unpublished letters from Louis Philippe, his son, several European monarchs and distinguished politicians and men of letters.

The substantial volume of five hundred pages, edited by J. B. Larned and entitled "A Multitude of Counsellors," contains extracts of sufficient length to be of real service to the reader who wishes to learn something of the ethical development of the race as shown in its wisdom literature, as well as to refresh and re-inforce his own spirit and purpose. Egyptian, Hebrew, Hindu, Chinese, Greek, Roman, Persian and Christian civilizations are represented here by selections carefully made from such sources as the Precepts of Ptah-Hotep, the Hebrew Scriptures, the Buddhist Beatitudes, the Dhammapada, the Maha-Bharata, the Precepts of Confucius, the Sermon on the Mount, and the writings of Aristotle, Seneca, Epictetus, Zoroaster, Wyclif, Erasmus, Bacon, Shakespeare, Quarles, Descartes, Fuller, Locke, Penn, Swift, Burns, Richter, Wordsworth, Zschokke, Schopenhauer, Carlyle, Emerson and Thoreau. The omission of the Koran will be noted. There is a full index of subjects as well as sources. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

IN THE ORCHARD.

Does Love remember yet the little house
We builded ere the summer's sun
was set,
To shelter him forever 'neath green boughs,
That he might dream and all the world forget?
The world beyond the orchard, where men fret,
Serving strange gods, remembering not Love's vows
Until the lonely afterdays that rouse
Within their hearts the serpent of regret,
And turn to lead the gold upon their brows,
Where once of old Love's circling roses met.
Does Love remember yet the little house?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember how the apples hung
From drooping boughs above us, dewy wet?
And how all golden in the dusk they swung
Among thick branches, that in leafy net
Held the first stars—those stars that shall not set
While Love remembers? How the blackbird sung,
As in a bower, when Love himself was young.
He sang for Aucassin and Nicolete,
As still he sings in Love's clear silver tongue
For hearts that worship in green places yet?
Remembers Love how bright the apples hung?
If we forget not, how should Love forget?

Does Love remember yet when boughs are bare
And moaning winds the naked branches fret?
When winter tempest troubles all the air,

When ruin hath the orchard overset?
When he must go through windy ways and wet,
Nor find him shield nor shelter anywhere?
When, cold on brow, and white among his hair,
December snow falls, where green leaves have met?
Does Love remember flower and fruit that were?
Or dream how spring shall stir to blossom yet
The boughs that winter winds have stricken bare?
If we remember, how should Love forget?

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

The Cornhill Magazine.

REQUIESCAT.

Bring pansies with their velvet for his shroud,
And Spring's first darling, the anemone,
And gold-eyed daisies, whose simplicity
Mocks at the sun within his station proud.

Bring violets like drops of purple rain,
And shear the earth of all diurnal flowers,
Pluck up her blossoms, and break down her bowers,
Since on her bosom lies our loved one slain.

* * * * *

Supernal sleep, what better thing for thee,
While deep within the hollow of our hearts
We hide our pain, and, till our life departs,
Burn there the quenchless flame of memory!

Sleep, dost thou sleep? Perchance Death's trenchant light
Darkens our eyes and blinds us, lest we see
What was before our birth, and what shall be
When we set sail upon the sea of Night.

G. Constant Lounsbury.